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WAR.

BY ÉMILE ZOLA.

IN the first place, I must confess that my whole being rebels against the idea of war. Its massacres exasperate me and appear to me a useless atrocity. This may seem a sentimental view of the matter, one for which temperament and mental and physical habits are undoubtedly responsible, but it is also a reasonable view, for, in looking back over history, I am amazed at the bloody uselessness of war.

I have not yet found, and I believe no one has discovered, the pretended law of civilization demanding that nations mercilessly attack one another. In the beginning there was evident need of war, it being the means by which nations were enabled to establish themselves and to acquire their respective strips of land. Then came immigration, political upheavals, long hereditary hatreds; but, apart from that, I doubt if, as has sometimes been alleged, war has been a means toward civilization. Our map of the world bears no trace of it as a civilizing element. All great conquerors such as Alexander, Cæsar, Charlemagne and, at a later day, Napoleon, bettered the world only by what they were able to give it of the good and beautiful, and we are shocked at the hurtful consequences of some of their brilliant exploits. The great empires founded by their splendid warlike achievements have

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crumbled away, and are known to us only through history, through the pen—the work of the sword has disappeared.

Could it be proven that each new empire came nearer to being civilized than did its predecessors, then it could be maintained that the work of arms tended to bring about this civil progress. But, in history, we see empires fall one after another, and very often darkness follows their decline. For instance, if we affirm that, in conquering the world, the Romans civilized it, we cannot claim that the rest of humanity was thereby much improved, because it was then that the barbaric hordes appeared, and after their brutal invasions the Roman Empire relapsed into nothingness, and the long, dark night of the Middle Ages settled for centuries upon it. Then, with the *Renaissance*, Roman civilization awoke and it was the Arts, Literature, the Codes and the spirit of legislation that revived it. Therefore, again we say that whatever remains of nations is not due to warlike deeds, but to artistic, literary, scientific and social achievements fostered in time of peace.

However, it must be conceded that, in civilization, war has played a necessary and defensive part. Of course, in order to develop, a nation required to be undisturbed, to protect itself from the possible encroachment of its neighbors and to insure its tranquillity. We are no longer alluding to aggressive warfare nor that of conquest, but to that of defense, and we must admit that it is frequently necessary. Indeed, I can readily understand why a people must sometimes defend itself; that is to say, be sufficiently strong and well armed to withstand becoming the prey of its neighbors, and be enabled to quietly accomplish the development of its interior civilization.

We are, I hope, witnessing in our day a slow transformation of the object of war. In the beginning of humanity, in heroic times, war was essentially an aggressive measure: a people attacked its neighbors intending to rob them of their country and reduce them to slavery. To-day, if such be the intention, at least it is not avowed. There is no longer question of anything but war of defense: one's domestic peace and possessions are threatened, and one enters the field merely in self-defense. The most military nations of the day, those most thoroughly organized and best equipped for war, excuse themselves for being upon such a footing on the plea that it is solely for the eventual defense of their country. Not

one of them would confess that it meditates an attack upon its neighbor and seeks the conquest of the world. It seems, therefore, that purpose of war is losing its virulence, since it no longer dares to be one of conquest and seeks its justification in the single necessity of defending the frontiers.

All this leads me to estimate the actual state of Europe. Since 1870, all the large European countries have been converted into immense intrenched camps. This state of affairs is, I believe, due to our defeats; in fact, it is certain that the formidable war footing on which Europe now lives is the result of the situation created by Germany's victories and by her conquest of the two provinces which she took from us. As Germany wished to retain these two provinces she was obliged to keep herself strongly armed; and as we, on the other hand, were anxious to regain them, we had to put ourselves on an equal footing with Germany. It necessarily followed that Austria, Italy, and even Russia, were constrained to do likewise, and therefore, as I have said, all the great nations of Europe are to-day possessed of troops innumerable, and may indeed be compared to huge intrenched camps. Such a situation has naturally produced very serious consequences. First of all, there is obligatory military service—whole nations under arms and at an incalculable cost to their respective treasuries. Next comes the question of equipment, and a great expenditure is required for fortifications, arms, provisions and all war materials. Besides, modern improvements in the manufacture of arms have caused weapons made at an earlier date to be discarded as useless and replaced by new ones, thereby greatly increasing national expenses, and, since 1870, the war budgets of European nations have consumed millions.

This state of affairs has begotten a peculiar social and political condition which threatens precipitate ruin. Business is more or less paralyzed; the money of the different countries goes into the war budget, this budget grows larger from year to year, and it really seems that, if things so continue, these nations must inevitably become bankrupt. And underlying it all there is much anxiety; it may not be admitted, but I am convinced that in poor countries, such as Italy, which has really gone to extremes in the matter of armament, the people know full well that, in case of war, their exorbitant military expenses would exhaust the national fund.

In the Conference held at The Hague there was an indication of this fear. I do not care to analyze the reasons which prompted the Emperor of Russia to convoke this Conference, but, be they what they might, they were born of the situation, they were in the very air. All nations are preoccupied. It is a universally evident fact that the war budget of each people is gradually consuming its fortune and that such a condition of affairs cannot continue indefinitely, unless the nations come to grief. Consequently, to the question of army equipment may be referred the financial, political and social anxiety now prevailing throughout Europe.

As has been said, the Conference of The Hague has been prolific of no practical result; still, I consider it a highly important event, a very propitious occurrence, inasmuch as it brought up the question. It showed the uneasiness of nations, indicated that they fully realize that the social and economic crisis through which they are passing is the issue of the terrible war footing on which the people of Europe are obliged to live. The opinion is an intelligent one: the existing situation is indeed awful, and may, in the near future, lead to catastrophe. I therefore consider the Conference of The Hague important, since it called forth a momentous question which must sooner or later be solved. Besides, in the thousands of millions uselessly expended by those nations which, without profit, are exhausting their finances in maintaining standing armies; in the continual improvement of military equipment which is ever making the engines of war more and more deadly—in all this, I, the avowed enemy of war, can see its approaching end. And why? Because it is evident that such a condition of affairs cannot last. Nations cannot remain forever under arms, for if they did, national production and social life would, in the long run, be arrested, hemmed in and sacrificed. Moreover, arms are becoming daily more murderous. With long-distance guns, with shells which are ever more destructive, with other late inventions, machines and explosives which, at a distance of kilometres, can annihilate entire regiments, it is evident that the character of warfare is changing; it is no longer a test of physical courage, a hand-to-hand encounter with sword or bayonet, but a sort of science by the practice of which one can destroy the enemy without approaching him. The aspect of warfare is indeed becoming so terrifying that henceforth one nation, before declaring war upon another, will probably pause and think a second time.

It is no longer a question of hirelings fighting a duel in a corner, with two nations for witnesses; no, it is the two nations themselves falling upon each other with intent so abominable that, to terminate the bloody quarrel, either assailant must be destroyed.

Under such conditions war becomes execrable, and humanity should be spared like attacks. It is understood that before plunging into such excesses every possible means is employed to bring about an understanding, the more so, since at present, granting that all Europe is in arms, a war would not be confined to two nations, but would entangle all the neighboring countries till, at length, all Europe would find itself within the mesh, and a general massacre would ensue. This explains why, for the last thirty years, despite threats of war, despite the strong hatred existing between France and Germany, and all that we have been led to fear, there has been no war. And the further we go, the more impossible war seems to become, the more it appears to develop into a crime of high treason against humanity—an atrocity for which no nation would be responsible.

If present difficulties have reached such a pitch that we could not lay down our arms without first fighting it out; if, in the near future, we were to suffer from a sort of general conflagration, I think that war would be forever at an end: because, after the great massacre, the nations would be unfit to resume the struggle, and exhausted, filled with horror and pity, they would be convinced that henceforth peace should reign among them. Yes, the whole world would hold this last abomination in such remorseful abhorrence that warfare would surely die.

When I declared myself the adversary of war, it was not that the martial ideal is not grandly poetic. And that it is poetic may be learned by observing what is at present taking place in the Transvaal. Since the war broke out, we have beheld all nations intensely interested; the newspapers are replete with telegraphic dispatches and all correspondence from that quarter is eagerly perused, even we, the enemies of war, reading it most attentively.

It must be admitted that, in the Transvaal, the situation is peculiar, and I believe that the almost universal sympathy expressed for the Boers is elicited by facts which can be easily explained. The Transvaal is a republic, a small country struggling for its independence. Its antagonist is a very powerful nation, one with infinite pecuniary resources and that boasts its ability to

reduce its foes by sending into their midst troops four times more numerous than they can gather; a nation with immense imperial sway and possessions broadcast throughout the world, and confident of easily subduing the little republic which refused its submission.

Thus we see that the Transvaal is the weaker attacked by the stronger party, the free country seeking to defend its territory and its institutions; and it can be readily understood why the sympathy of the world at large should go out to the Transvaal and not to England, which seems like a great bull-dog, or lion if you will, pouncing treacherously upon an enemy who, it had supposed, would fall an easy prey to its greed.

Moreover, since the beginning of the war, the Boers have defended themselves most nobly and have inflicted bloody defeat upon their powerful assailants, in a manner to call forth the admiration of the entire world.

And here I would like to make a few personal remarks. From the outset of this war I have been appealed to from several different quarters and have received many letters, especially from Holland, soliciting my intervention. During the Dreyfus case the Dutch tendered me their sympathy and congratulated me upon the attitude I had assumed in an affair of justice, and, looking upon me as a sort of mediator, they asked me to interpose in favor of the Boers, by addressing an open letter to the Queen of England, pleading the cause of humanity and justice, and showing her that it would be a crime to abuse her nation's strength in trying to enslave a small Republic which was seeking to preserve its independence. I resisted these appeals for several reasons. In the first place, I was and am still ignorant of the primary cause of this war: I have not studied the question, and its close consideration was something of which my occupation would not permit. Therefore, it would certainly have been difficult for me to decide either in favor of England or the Transvaal. Secondly, the question was a political one. If I interfered in the Dreyfus case it was because it was not a political issue, but one which concerned humanity and justice; and my express desire being to keep aloof from politics, I felt the greatest repugnance toward meddling in the dark struggle between the English and the Boers. Besides, I did not consider myself an authority on any such subject. I felt that I would not be listened to and that I would speak in vain,

since England would certainly not conform to my views. Moreover, the Boers seemed to me a people thoroughly capable of defending themselves and who would not accept any intervention, unless on condition that it were favorable to them. I add that I did not feel equal to the task, and if my effort were to prove merely that of a poet and be productive of no practical result, I would consider it ridiculous. It would indeed be nothing more than a platonic protestation, the dream of a visionary. And a last consideration withheld me. I had but just spent eleven months in England, where I received the most touching hospitality, and I felt that it would ill become me to interfere and thereby displease the English people, who had treated me with such sympathy and discretion. And I do not regret remaining silent because, as I have said, my mediation would have counted for naught and I consider that the Boers did not require it; they are shrewd and smart enough to manage their own affairs.

Nevertheless, I am following up the war with great attention, and in it I behold, as I said before, a revival of the warlike spirit, of the grand poetry of heroism and death, and likewise of those abominable massacres which strew the battle-field with the wounded and the slain. I know what a hold warlike exploits take upon the imagination of different peoples, and in vain do we endeavor to advance in civilization, since we must inevitably drift back to our primitive instinct: to the admiration of valor, to the hero-worship of those who fight, who kill or are killed. Therein danger and bravery are both exalted. War brings all men's passions into play, and the champions who consent to die stir the innermost emotions of our souls. Peaceful philosophers, poets, confined within their sanctums, quiet men like myself, writers who believe in the superiority of the pen over the sword, who are convinced that civilization is the result not of battles, but of books—in a word, the passions of all studious men are irresistibly appealed to when they read the account of a battle. In vain do we aspire after universal peace, in vain do we seek to encourage fraternity among people, when there is in our very blood a sort of atavism which agitates and excites us as soon as a new war is announced; when we are seized with a species of delirium upon hearing that one nation attacks another, fights, exults and finally flaunts the flag of victory. We repudiate all this as a return of barbarism, thinking rather that humanity should advance toward a future city of

peace and goodness; but I repeat that in our blood is that old war-like atavism which prompts us to applaud the conqueror even though he be in fault.

This fact is certainly ominous, and yet I believe that, sooner or later, warfare will have become a thing of the past. As I have stated, many reasons seem to indicate that it is being gradually eliminated from civilization; it will end by costing too high a price and being too murderous in its effects. Europe, not to mention a country which I know well, will be on the fair road to bankruptcy if she persist in keeping all nations on a war footing, if she continue the manufacture of guns that are becoming daily more costly and more destructive, and if she stock her arsenals with shells, which, when such missiles are required, must be discarded for those of later manufacture, the deadly secrets of which are as yet unknown to neighboring nations.

The chief reason for the eventual disappearance of war is that it will have become useless. When speaking thus, I have in mind the democratic movement, the great socialist movement which, within the last hundred years, has made such advancement. In my way of thinking, the real human struggle is no longer on the field of battle, but on that of labor; in industry, in agriculture, in fact in every human effort for production and prosperity. The mighty contest going on to-day is that between capital and remunerative labor. I am convinced that now, in our day, there is in progress as important and decisive a social transformation as took place in olden times, when slavery was abolished and paid labor introduced. It required a great change to bring about such an issue, a change which caused the overthrow of the Roman Empire. The idea of having no slaves for manual and agricultural labor, industrial and domestic work; the thought of abolishing slavery and replacing it by something else, could not be entertained, and called forth the most vehement protestations even from the intellectual and liberal-minded. It was deemed impossible to live without slaves, and the hue and cry arose: "By what can you replace them? How live without them?" And when slavery was superseded by paid labor, a new state of things was created, even empires being carried away. And therein Christianity played a great part. It declared all men equal, helped to destroy slavery and created, to a certain extent, the modern laborer, thereby immensely benefiting humanity.

Well, to-day the situation is pretty much the same. They say: "How can a nation exist without paid workmen? How can work be accomplished unless the workmen be remunerated? And by what can you replace workmen?" There have been precursors, apostles, like Saint Simon, Auguste Comte, Proudhon and above all, Fourier, who have sketched or outlined a future society in which the question of wages and salaries was not considered even by workmen themselves; in which there was co-operation, community of interests and responsibilities; in fact, an entirely new state of affairs which was destined to replace actual pay. And it is evident that we are tending toward just such a state. The contention that we witness is really between capital and labor, and will eventually lead us to that other state which, as yet, is not clearly defined, but which will surely exact a total reorganization of labor and bring about a new distribution of riches. Yes, I maintain that this state of future society is the object for which we are now struggling, the new ideal toward which we are advancing, in direct opposition to the ideal of war which has so long stirred the passions of nations.

It is certain that in this future society war will be unheard of because the reorganization of labor will everywhere beget greater solidarity, bind the different nations closer together, either by arbitration or some other means of which we have, as yet, formed no conception. War cannot be a factor in this future state which the struggles of a closing century will link to the century about to dawn. It will be doomed to disappear, for it will be incompatible with the new condition of things.

Is it a dream to believe that we are witnessing war's last agony? Do not a thousand symptoms indicate the fact? May not the furore caused by the question of military equipment and so forth, be regarded as the last fitful glow in the dying embers of war? Would it not be impossible for the men of to-day to engage in combat similar to that into which their ancestors ruthlessly plunged, combat which could bring about no good but would do much harm?

Perhaps in France we suffer more than do our neighbors from the war footing we are obliged to maintain. One of the most serious causes of the crisis in which for several years past we have been writhing, is the antagonism existing between the republican institutions of a democracy, and the support of an im-

mense standing army. It seems impossible thus to live. On the one hand there is the strict discipline exacted of the nation, for in our land the nation is the army; and, on the other hand, the liberty allowed the citizen, the liberty of voting, thinking and writing.

If our troops were hired or even picked, this contradiction would be less pronounced, or perhaps might not exist at all. But when our whole nation is in arms, when, on the one side, strict obedience is demanded of it, while on the other it is told: "Thou art free; thou mayest vote as thou pleasest; think and write as thou pleasest;" is there not a formal contradiction which may be held responsible for the annoyances and trouble that beset us?

And, for all that, there is no one in all France, even among revolutionists and the avowed enemies of militarism, who would dream of asking for the disbanding of our troops. People may read in our newspapers of violent attacks upon some of our generals; they may sometimes see standing armies assailed; but, notwithstanding all this, we uphold the maintenance of the army as it is to-day. This is because we clearly understand our position, because we Frenchmen know and fully admit that, living in the midst of our enemies, it is impossible for us to lay down our arms unless these enemies do likewise. We are therefore simply submitting to a necessity—that of being on the alert, as is the rest of the world. I repeat, there is not a Frenchman who would be willing to take a soldier from the ranks of our army.

However, I also believe that there is not a Frenchman who dreams of a war of conquest. We may read in our newspapers of men who, under cover of patriotism, daily sally forth to battle, but their attitude is merely political; at heart no one is anxious to fight, and, above all, no one thinks of a war of conquest. It would be only some deplorable mistake, a stray spark, that could now cause a conflagration. The best guarantee of peace lies in the fact that not a nation is inclined to fight; and France, in her present situation, will not be so foolish as to desire war.

Therefore, even in France, despite the military passion we show, the martial ideal is on the wane, and this betokens a change of spirit in us, because we have always been a warlike and extremely turbulent people. Our ancestors wandered into all parts of the ancient world. They went to Asia, Greece and Rome. Then came the time of the Crusades, which expeditions may be said to have

been born of our disputatious inclination, our adventurous spirit. In the French temperament there has been implanted from the beginning, a craving for battle, a desire to go out among others, achieve feats of prowess, conquer lands, amass fortunes, please women and flaunt our standards of victory before the world.

One needs but to read our romances of chivalry in order to hear our warlike valor praised. The knights-errant leave their castles and, on mischief bent, go out into the world; and when there is no direct question of conquest, they pretend to espouse the cause of justice, to redress wrongs, deliver imprisoned princesses, kill traitorous knights, tyrants and the tormentors of women. But, in the story, there is always an adventurer, a cavalier who tramps the highways in search of a fortune, who starts out to seek a treasure and hopes that he may not return empty-handed, but bequeath to history a thrilling account of his daring exploits.

Ours is indeed a warlike past. Our history is replete with accounts of our secular combats with England, combats the memory of which is still with us; because, into the hatred which we are accredited with having for England, there evidently enters the recollection of our long struggle, all the rancor that could have been harbored against a neighbor with whom we fought for centuries. There were also our conflicts with Austria, Italy, Germany and Spain; in fact we were never known to remain quiet. France, the most turbulent nation of Europe, was constantly rekindling the flame of war. Our neighbors always considered us, and I think they hold the same opinion still, a people who could not remain quietly at home, but were ever looking after others and ready to interfere in their behalf; who, when we had no war question of our own to settle, felt that we must deliver Greece or Poland, and went meddling in foreign affairs, showing a truly chivalrous, but very restless, spirit, and remaining a constant menace to the peace of Europe.

This reputation of ours was well confirmed during the Napoleonic campaigns. These abounded in historic exploits to which I shall not now revert, but there was at length a supreme outburst of warlike sentiment in France; certain events helped it out, and, at a given moment, France was seen setting out to war against the combined nations of Europe, threatening and fighting them and acquiring vast lands. But it must be confessed that Napoleon failed to realize France's old dream—European domination. More-

over, his prodigious adventure was also the most cruel lesson that France could receive, as, in the wake of Napoleon's dazzling warlike achievements came, first of all, defeat, then social discontent and exhausted finances, and, lastly, the degeneration of our country. This lesson teaches us that such conquests are always followed by dire results, as, for instance, interior difficulties arising from the foothold gained by political rings and parties, and the prolonged crisis which still holds us in the balance, rendering us unable to find our equilibrium. The perusal of Napoleonic history would tempt none but a madman to wish for a renewal of military feats which, glorious as they were, were followed by a dismal confusion from which our country still suffers.

This is why I cannot admit that France would ever so jeopardize her future as to try to make it a repetition of her warlike past. I cannot believe that there are in France men possessed of so little reason and so ignorant of the philosophy of history as to dream of a belligerent future for their country; men who could cherish the idea first of fighting Germany, then of beginning afresh the marvellous campaigns of Napoleon and starting out anew to attack Europe. In the first place, such a dream could never be realized; and if it could, it would bring back upon us all the disasters which have oppressed us, all the difficulties which have beset us from the beginning of this century. If France were to hypnotize herself into this hope of conquest, she would be irrevocably, irretrievably lost. To encourage such aspirations, to make her believe that she could once again become the War Queen of Europe, the conquering nation, would be to feed her with poisoned bread, to lead her on to new catastrophes, and at length prepare her for her supreme defeat and subsequent disappearance.

I claim that her salvation lies in her abandonment of the warlike ideal. She has become a democracy, she is a Republic. I know full well that there is but little of the Republic about her except the mere name, and that, democratic as she wishes to be, she is still full of monarchical and clerical atavism. But, notwithstanding that she is so far from being the free republican nation that I would wish, I deem it impossible for her to turn backward unless she wishes to go headlong to destruction. If France be eager to resume her place as a great European nation, if she be anxious to once more find herself at the head of nations, if she be legitimately ambitious to be again preponderant, she must courageously re-

nounce her old martial ideal. In 1789 her cry for deliverance re-echoed through all nations, and at that time she may be said to have instilled into the world the idea of liberty: her part to-day would be to inflame it with a spirit of justice. I would have her take the lead in this great socialist movement, in the re-organization of labor, which, in my opinion, will be the great feature of the coming century. I would see her at the head of the nations which will beget that future society in which, thanks to the organization of labor, there will be an even distribution of riches. I would that France might be the handmaid of this future society, of this expected evolution which will transform the world by bringing into it a new civilization.

In fine, I wish that she might live, above all, by her men of learning, by her thinkers; and that she would be convinced that war can only give a nation transitory power, a power subject to challenge, whereas, by fostering labor, by encouraging that progress toward a society in which justice will reign, a nation such as France can make herself mistress of the future. Thought is supreme; it breaks swords and stops the cannon's roar. The world was never positively conquered except by thought. What remains of great ancient nations, of Syria, Egypt, Greece and Rome, is not warlike achievements, but books and monuments; in fact, whatever is the fruit of labor and of peace.

We may speak of Alexander and Cæsar, but their splendid conquests belong only to a dead past, even their empires have crumbled away, nothing being left of them but ruins, grains of sand which are carried off by the wind; whereas, the works of Homer and Virgil and all the monuments of legislation and civilization still live and form a part of our wealth. And we are the children of these ancestors of human thought. The exploits of war count only insofar as they procure for legislators, poets and artists that peace which they most need in order to be able to produce these monuments of the wisdom and beauty of man.

I know that, for belief in peace and future disarmament, the time is scarcely auspicious, as we are now beholding an alarming recrudescence of militarism. Nations which until now seem to have held aloof from the contagion, to have escaped this madness so prevalent in Europe, now appear to be attacked. Thus, since the Spanish War, the United States seem to have become a victim of the war fever. I am not quite competent to judge the situation

in the United States, as I am not sufficiently well informed on the subject, and I speak merely from what I have seen in the newspapers and in some documents that were given me. However, I can see in that great nation a dangerous inclination toward war; I can detect the generation of vague ideas of future conquest. Until the present time, that country wisely occupied itself with its domestic affairs and let Europe severely alone, but now it is donning plumes and epaulettes and will probably be dreaming of possible campaigns and be carried away with the idea of military glory—notions so perilous as to have been responsible for the downfall of nations.

And England, since the resistance offered her in the Transvaal, that small Republic which she expected to subdue almost without an effort, even England has yielded to that most disturbing emotion, the growing desire of fostering the military spirit. To be sure, this state of mind is nothing new to the English. There is in England much of what we call *imperialism*; that is to say, a sort of national impulse which may lead her to extremes, a desire to extend her colonies, to make herself mistress of the most important posts in the world, or to acquire what the word imperialism denotes, dominion over the world.

Such is England's dream, and her symptoms in this regard are indeed alarming. Therefore, is Rudyard Kipling the most popular English novelist: it is no longer Dickens, the charming narrator, that the nation reads; no, Kipling is the author now winning loudest applause, Kipling, who is almost a soldier, a bugle sounding the charge. He fans all England's warlike passions, chooses his types from the new generation, and these types are those of men ready for war, putting in war their only hope, developing themselves morally and physically for war—in fact, having naught else in view but fighting and conquests. Until now, England has escaped the military spirit, in the sense that she has not had conscription. She has had no experience of that blood-tax, for she always had, and still has, paid troops. But the possibility of establishing military conscription in England, as it now exists in France and Germany, has already been discussed in the Houses of Lords and Commons. And this fact is singularly significant. After the battle of Waterloo and the defeat of Napoleon, England was wise enough not to be intoxicated with the glory of victory, and was satisfied with an army of hired soldiers; but to

day she is prone to introduce the system of military conscription. It can be clearly foreseen that if England should continue to meet with reverses in the Transvaal or, if victorious, should later be forced to defend herself or to attack stronger nations, she would hurriedly adopt conscription and exact military service from her subjects. This contingency is a serious one and shows that England is about to enter upon a new phase of her history. She has always been looked upon as being in retirement in her island, well protected by her coast defenses, proud and happy of her free institutions, sparing her subjects military conscription, living for commerce and for the development of the arts, when lo! she succumbs to the war passion which has reached her from the Continent, and becomes the latest victim of a folly which threatens the destruction of Europe in a frightful, general massacre.

It must be admitted that symptoms such as these are indeed terrifying. If the United States, on the one hand, and England on the other, were to arm all their male citizens, would not the situation become only the more alarming? On the other side of the seas would be found great fortified camps such as we have in Europe; there would be one in England and another in America, and both nations could truly be said to be under arms. Well may one tremble when peace is thus threatened. How, in face of it all, can we believe that war will soon have become a thing of the past?

Nevertheless, in conclusion, I shall repeat that I consider these terrifying symptoms the result of that ever-increasing uneasiness which is pushing to extremes the dread of war, is goading nations on to self-destruction, forcing them to make extravagant preparations for war in the hope that they will never again have to fight. The present crisis will, I feel, be the last, and is undoubtedly war's death-cry. It is war killing war; war making further war impossible; war forced to disappear because it is anti-social, because it ruins nations and impedes the progress of humanity toward the City of Peace and Justice, because it is a factor which, on account of its utter uselessness, must henceforth be banished from history.

ÉMILE ZOLA.

THE UNITED STATES AND PUERTO RICO.

BY J. B. FORAKER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM OHIO.

So much has been said about Puerto Rico that it is difficult to say anything new. All understand the nature of the island and are familiar with the fact that, under that name, we are proposing to govern not only Puerto Rico proper, but also a number of adjacent islands—Vieque, Culebra, Mona, etc.—that were ceded to us by the treaty with Spain. Likewise, all are familiar, in a general way, with the population of these islands; that is to say, all know that they number, in the aggregate, about one million people; that only about fifteen per cent. are able to read or write, or are possessed of any property. This means that, in this new possession, we have something like 800,000 people who neither read nor write, and who own no property. These 800,000 are not only illiterate, but they are without any experience in self-government, and know nothing, practically, of what is meant by free popular government.

If this were all that should be taken into account, it would be enough to make the problem of providing a government for Puerto Rico a serious one. But, when this duty was entered upon by the Congressional committees, they found not only the conditions already named, but they also found that the total property in all this island amounts, in the aggregate, to a valuation of only about \$150,000,000, or a tax valuation—adopting the rule generally prevailing in the United States, where property is assessed for taxation—of about \$100,000,000, that being two-thirds of the fair average selling price, and quite as much as it would bring, as a rule, if sold at a forced sale.

They found also, from the testimony adduced, that while there is no debt of a public character fixed upon the island, as a whole, there is, yet, a private indebtedness, evidenced by recorded mortgages on the real estate, of more than \$26,000,000, or more than

twenty-five per cent. of the total fair taxation valuation of all property in the island. In addition to this, there is a large indebtedness not secured by mortgage on real estate.

They found also that, prior to the war with Spain, the exports from Puerto Rico were sold chiefly in Spain and Cuba, the ports of which she could enter with her products upon payment of only a very light duty. But when the treaty of peace was concluded the ports of both Spain and Cuba were closed against Puerto Rico, except only on payment of a high rate of duty; so that practically her products were barred out of these markets; and our tariff duties are so high that the same was true as to our market. This, of itself, was enough to paralyze the industries of the island, and did paralyze them. But, in addition to this, there came, on the 8th of August last, a hurricane of unprecedented violence, by which the whole island suffered severely, particularly the coffee plantations. The testimony produced before the Congressional committees was to the effect that the coffee plantations were practically destroyed. According to this testimony, the crop of coffee for this year will not exceed ten per cent. of the average annual crop. When it is remembered that coffee is the principal crop of the island, constituting about seven-ninths of its export, it will be seen how disastrous the results of the hurricane were. It was further shown that, in many of the municipalities of the island, it would be impossible to make collection of any direct property taxes at all.

All can see from this glimpse of the situation that a direct tax on property, which is the usual way of raising revenue to defray the expenses of local governments, would be a great and impossible burden for these people, even if it did not exceed one per cent. But the testimony is that the necessary expenditures of the government that we are instituting will amount, according to the most conservative estimate, to not less than \$3,000,000 annually, while there should be an additional million added for municipal governments. It was more than \$6,000,000 under Spanish rule, and nothing was done for schools, roads and other public improvements.

This expenditure for the insular government comprehends the inauguration of a system of education, the building of school houses, etc., and also the construction of roads, bridges and other public improvements, without which it is impossible to restore

prosperity to the island and to institute any substantial progress for the people.

But to raise this amount of revenue (\$4,000,000) upon a hundred millions of tax valuation would mean a tax rate of four per cent. per annum. That would be a ruinous rate to be imposed upon even the most prosperous State in the Union. It was because of this fact that, when the subject was brought before the Senate Committee on Pacific Islands and Puerto Rico, it was seen that some other way must be found to raise revenues for Puerto Rico than the usual way—by imposing taxes directly on property. In every other Territory that we have ever had since the beginning of the Government, the revenues have been raised, for local purposes, by direct taxation of property, and in every such Territory the people have been required to pay internal revenue taxes besides, and where the Territory had ports of entry, as Florida, Louisiana, Washington and Oregon had, the full tariff rates have been imposed. But in all cases, without an exception, the internal revenue taxes and the tariff duties so collected have been paid into the national Treasury at Washington, for the common benefit of the whole country. In addition, therefore, to all the internal revenue taxes and tariff duties which the people of the Territories have heretofore been required to pay, they have had also to pay whatever direct taxes upon the property were necessary to furnish a sufficient revenue for their Territorial and municipal governments.

For the reasons given, we recommended a departure from that rule in this instance, and provided for it by the provisions of the bill reported to the Senate. We provided that full tariff rates should be collected on all imports into Puerto Rico from countries other than the United States, and that full internal revenue taxes should be collected within the island, the same as elsewhere in the United States; but that all these tariff duties and internal revenue taxes so collected should be paid, not into the national Treasury at Washington, but into the insular treasury of Puerto Rico, for the sole and exclusive benefit of the government of the island; all for the sole purpose of exempting that people from direct taxation on their property which would otherwise be necessary, and, for the reasons given, ruinous and impossible.

But, according to the estimates furnished, not more than about \$2,000,000 could be raised in this way, leaving a deficit of about

\$1,000,000 to meet the necessary expenses of the insular government. To meet this deficit, it was then further provided that there should be, until March 1, 1902, a tariff of twenty-five per cent.—afterward changed to fifteen per cent. of the regular rates, to correspond with the action of the House—upon commerce between the United States and Puerto Rico. But it was further provided that all *this* tax, both that which will be collected in Puerto Rico and that which will be collected in the United States, should go to the benefit of the Puerto Rican government. In this way it was hoped to raise a revenue which could not, without the greatest hardships—if possible at all—be raised by direct taxation.

In other words, the provision of the bill which has excited so much criticism was but a part of a general scheme the sole purpose of which was a generous exemption, at the expense of the whole nation, of the people of Puerto Rico from the burdens of direct taxation, which have always been, and are now, imposed on all the other people of the United States, in both States and Territories alike.

It will be seen from this that the provision was not conceived in a spirit of illiberality or injustice, but in a spirit of mercy and generosity, with the idea that it would be helpful, as, if it should be adopted, it clearly will be. If there be any injustice involved, it is to the people of the United States, at whose expense all this unprecedented favor is shown.

It was well understood by the Committee, when these provisions were adopted, that important questions as to the power of Congress to so legislate would be raised. While the Committee did not adopt any of these provisions for the purpose of raising these questions, yet a majority of the Committee, at least, were of the opinion that this incidental result of the bill need not be evaded, but rather, on the contrary, should be gladly met.

When the treaty of peace came before the Senate for ratification, it precipitated a great debate. The questions were, first, whether or not our Government had any power to acquire territory in the way proposed; in the second place, whether or not we had power, when it was so acquired, to hold it unaccompanied by present intention of making it ultimately a State; and, in the third place, whether or not, if we acquired and held it, we had the power to govern it, and, if we had, how—whether as a possession or dependency, a district, a territory, or otherwise; and

whether, no matter what kind of a political subdivision we called it, the government of it should be restricted and restrained by the provisions and limitations of the Constitution, or whether Congress was free to govern such territory without such limitations and restraints.

That debate, in one form and another, has been going on ever since. It has now, however, by the march of events and by the force of circumstances, come to be plainly established and conceded on every hand that our Government does possess equal sovereign power with every other sovereign nation of the earth to acquire territory by discovery, treaty, or conquest, and to hold such territory at its pleasure, and, of course, as a corollary to this, that when it holds it must govern such territory. But the question remains as to *how* such territory shall be governed, whether subject to the restraints and limitations of the Constitution, or free therefrom. Republicans generally are of the opinion that the Constitution is the organic law for the States of the Union alone, unless, by Congressional action, it be extended and applied to Territories outside of the Union. All the territory that we have heretofore acquired, excepting only Alaska, has come to us under treaties that stipulated that it should be, in due time, incorporated into the Union, and that the inhabitants of it should be admitted to the privileges and immunities guaranteed by the Constitution to citizens of the United States; and, by Congressional action, the Constitution and all laws of the United States, not locally inapplicable, have been expressly extended to all the Territories of the United States that we had prior to the Spanish War.

But, by the treaty of peace with Spain, we took possession of these islands without a stipulation that they and their inhabitants should be incorporated into the United States, but with a stipulation to the effect, on the contrary, that the Congress should determine the civil and political status of the inhabitants of the island.

A treaty is a part of the supreme law of the land. This provision of this treaty was clearly within the scope of the treaty-making power. It is, therefore, binding on all concerned. Under this provision of the treaty, the Congress was, therefore, invested with full power to legislate with respect to these islands and their inhabitants in any way it might see fit, on all subjects affecting

their civil and political status, restrained only by the general spirit of our institutions. The Congress is given the same power by the Constitution itself, for it invests the Congress with power to "dispose of and make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory and other property belonging to the United States."

The Supreme Court has repeatedly held that, under this power given by the Constitution, Congress can legislate as it may deem advisable with respect to the Territories, and not subject to the limitations and restraints of the Constitution, except only as the spirit of our institutions has been formulated in the Bill of Rights.

Under these two powers, therefore, Congress is at liberty to make any provisions it may see fit to make with respect to Puerto Rico and the Philippine Islands that have relation to the civil and political status of their inhabitants. It may make them citizens or withhold citizenship; it may impose equal or unequal taxation, as compared with the rest of the United States; and it may, as there is occasion to do in this instance with respect to coffee, impose a duty upon the importation of coffee into Puerto Rico for the protection of the coffee industry there, while, under the general tariff laws of the United States, at all the ports of the United States, coffee is admitted free; and it may—as many of us believe, and as the bill provides—impose a duty upon products imported from the United States into Puerto Rico or from Puerto Rico into the United States.

But, upon this question of power, sharp differences of opinion exist, and, after two years of debate, in which all the judicial decisions that bear on the subject have been carefully analyzed and elaborately discussed, men find themselves more than ever confirmed in their respective views. It is contended, on the one hand, that the Constitution extends itself, *ex proprio vigore*, to all territory acquired by the United States at the moment of its acquisition. "The Constitution follows the flag," says Senator Jones, the Democratic leader in the Senate. This is denied, on the other hand. Until the Supreme Court of the United States passes upon it, the proposition will remain controverted. It is fortunate, therefore, that the necessities of Puerto Rico can best be met by provisions that raise all these questions; and the importance of this is in the fact that, next after Puerto Rico, we will be called upon to provide civil government for the Philippines.

The importation of the tobacco and sugar of Puerto Rico into the United States, free of duty, could not prejudicially affect our home industries, because the amount is unimportant. It would be more serious with the Philippines. If the products of the Philippines, whether the growth of the soil or of their manufactures, can come into this country free of duty, upon the theory that they are a part of the United States within the meaning of the Constitution, and that the Constitution, *ex proprio vigore*, extends and applies to them, not only are we at once brought face to face with the inhabitants of those islands as citizens of the United States, invested with the same privileges that the citizens of New York have—because they are under the Constitution—but our wage-workers and our industrial interests are all subjected to competition with their cheap labor.

In the last campaign our Democratic friends and many labor leaders were contending that we had made a mistake in annexing the Philippines, because these results, for the reasons given, would have to follow. Republicans as a rule deny these claims. But, beyond all this, comes another question. We have reached that point in the development of our resources, in the aggregation of capital and in the command of skilled labor where we are producing many millions in value beyond what we are able to consume. For this surplus we must find markets abroad. The best markets are in the Far East. In a few years the foreign trade of Japan has grown to more than a hundred millions annually. But Japan is but an island of the sea, with a population of only forty-two or forty-three millions of people. China has a population variously estimated at from four to six hundred millions. They are just being introduced to our civilization. What has happened as to Japan will happen as to China, multiplied over and over again. The whole world recognizes that China is the great market of the future, and there have been, accordingly, corresponding efforts made by all the leading nations to secure a fair share, and, by some, to secure a monopoly, of this vast trade.

With a view to securing our fair share, we have been insisting and demanding, and, finally—to the great credit of our diplomacy—we have succeeded in securing what is called an “open door” policy. That means only that our ships and merchandise shall be allowed to enter the ports of China on the same terms and conditions as apply to the ships and merchandise of the other and most

avored nations. But, having been given an "open door" as to China, we cannot expect that, when the insurrection is suppressed and civil government is instituted in the Philippines, we will not be asked to give an "open door" there in return. It seems inevitable that we shall have to meet and determine this question. It would be a most serious misfortune if we should grant an "open door" policy in the Philippines and then find out, by a decision of the Supreme Court—which, sooner or later, must come—that we have no power, under the Constitution, to levy duties upon products going from this country into the Philippines.

It would be extremely unfortunate, because, if we cannot impose any duties upon our goods going into the Philippines, it would mean that our ships and merchandise would have to go in absolutely free of duty, and, if ours go in free of duty, under the "open door" policy arrangement, the ships and merchandise of every other nation a party to the agreement must go in on the same terms; and that would mean that, the Philippines being a part of the United States in the sense mentioned, the ships and merchandise of such nations would, when within the Philippines, be also within the whole United States, and their products coming from there here could not be subjected to tariff duties any more than our products going there. This would mean the overthrow of our protective tariff and of our revenue tariff system.

Puerto Rico and the Philippines stand in precisely the same relation to this Government. We acquired both by the same instrument. Our power as to the one is the measure of our power as to the other. The necessities of Puerto Rico are such as to require our dealing with her in the most generous and merciful way possible. The provisions of the bill give rise to all these questions. While we should not legislate for the purpose of raising questions, yet, when appropriate if not absolutely necessary legislation gives rise to questions of such unusual, far-reaching and world-wide importance, which, sooner or later, we must meet, and must be governed by the solution of, it is fortunate that they can be raised and solved in time to guide us in discharging such serious responsibilities. If we have no power to do as to the Philippines what we propose as to Puerto Rico, we cannot find it out too soon, and woe be unto us if we should not find it out until after our "head is in the halter."

J. B. FORAKER.

THE EXPOSITION OF 1900.

BY B. D. WOODWARD, ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER-GENERAL OF THE
UNITED STATES TO THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1900.

ON the thirteenth day of July, 1892, a decree was issued by the President of the French Republic providing for a Universal International Exhibition to be held in Paris in 1900. One of the clauses of this official proclamation referred briefly to the periodical recurrence of expositions in France every eleven years since 1867, and in this spirit attention was called to the year 1900 as bringing to a close an era of scientific and economic achievements of the greatest magnitude. This same date, furthermore, was to inaugurate an age of possibilities foreshadowed alike by scientists and philosophers, who even in their wildest flights of imagination could not be expected to conceive and compass about the results of future times.

The nations of the world have accepted France's invitation to participate in the great event, and they have undertaken to play an important part in this universal competition. Foreign Powers have pledged gigantic sums of money to the success of the cause, and while up to the present time over two hundred million dollars have been expended on preliminary work, three-fourths of that amount have been contributed by France alone. No measure can be assigned to the results of this investment, nor may we begin to gauge the benefits which may result from it to social, political and economic studies on the one hand, or to industrial, agricultural and commercial pursuits on the other. I may, therefore, be allowed to leave the realm of theories and fancy and to turn to the consideration of things tangible and present.

The time is most appropriate, indeed, for a rapid survey of the Exposition fields at the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Park of Vincennes. As I write these lines, the Lenten season alone stands between us and the date set for the

public inauguration, April 15. In the eyes of all the large and small *concessionnaires* of cafés, restaurants, kiosks, booths and the like, the Easter-tide will mark the beginning of an era of unprecedented plenty and prosperity, and they are too eager to reap the harvest which they have been led to anticipate to allow of a day's curtailment of the period during which they have contracted to do business. This consideration alone is supposed to confirm the promise that the gates of the Exposition will be thrown open to the public at the appointed time. But a stronger pledge is to be found in the words of the French Commissioner-General, who, on all occasions, both public and private, has stanchly asserted that the date set would be strictly adhered to, and it will be a matter of pride and record on the part of Commissioners, both French and foreign, to be found ready at the official opening.

The Exposition of 1900 will differ from that of 1889 not only in the universal classification of exhibits according to their nature instead of their nationality, but also in the greater extent of the grounds, the original manner in which they have been laid out on scientific principles and along artistic lines, and in the innovations which experience has sanctioned and daring conception has introduced into the technique of expositions. From the domain of Pure Art on the Champs Élysées one is led, on the Esplanade des Invalides, to the home of Art applied to Industries; thence to the Champ de Mars, where the raw products of the earth are viewed side by side with achievements wrought by human intelligence and ingenuity; and, finally, to the Trocadéro, where, amid exotic surroundings, the remote races of the earth strive to enter into competition with the elements of advanced civilization.

With this general idea in mind, we will return to the historic Place de la Concorde, and approach the Exposition through the portals of its monumental entrance. The Cours la Reine is bordered with beds of flowers from all climes and in richest profusion. As we advance, we leave to the right the two Palaces of Fine Arts, built of massive stone and destined, as legacies of the Exposition, to be permanent additions to the attractions of the City of Paris. Their style is reminiscent of the Palace of the Louvre, and is intended to continue one and the same vein of architecture along that most magnificent of vistas which extends from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe. The smaller of these palaces will be devoted to a permanent retrospective exhibit of French Art; the

larger building will contain the International Exhibit of Fine Arts, and, after Exposition days, it will serve for the annual Salon, the Horse Show, the Dog Show, the Flower Show, and similar functions. Before crossing the new Alexander Bridge, we glance down the banks of the Seine upon the Pavilion of the City of Paris, reproducing the City Hall on a reduced scale, the two extensive hot-houses for the Horticultural Exhibit, and the Palace of Social Economy, with its generous accommodations for all the International Congresses to be held in conjunction with the Exposition. One hundred and twenty Congresses have been admitted by the French Exposition Administration. The number of attending delegates and members, and the requirements of each individual Congress, will be determining factors in assigning in each case a suitable meeting-place. In medicine, for instance, where the membership reaches 8,000, it will be necessary for the Congress to convene in the large Salle des Fêtes of the Trocadéro Palace.

The new bridge is one hundred and twenty-five feet wide and is the broadest in Paris. As we cross it, we behold in the distance the gilded dome of the Invalides, sheltering the resting-place of the great Napoleon. On either side of the Esplanade, and in rather close proximity to each other, are the long lines of buildings set aside for the Decoration and Furniture of Public Buildings and Dwellings, and Diversified Industries. Their architecture is so varied as to become kaleidoscopic: all styles and decorations prevail, including gilt domes and bell towers, applied staff mouldings, mosaic settings, colored cartouches, and Oriental structural fancies and vagaries. On the Esplanade under the trees is an Annex Building of the United States intended as a Publishers' Building; our advanced methods of journalism lead to the expectation of a most interesting exhibit here. A Moorish character was forced upon the building from the fact that the trees could not be removed, but had to be encased in staff and masonry; the general effect is strikingly pleasing and decidedly unique. To wind our way toward the Champ de Mars, we follow the left bank of the Seine through the Street of Nations. The centre of attraction in the Exposition will, in the minds of many, be found at this point. In two unbroken lines, extending from the Pont des Invalides to the Pont de l'Alma, the great nations of the earth have erected their National Pavilions, and while a reminiscence

of home will cheer the heart of every traveller as he views the building erected by his own country, the contrast in the varied forms of architecture lends to the entire series an air of attractiveness and originality calculated to arouse universal interest and admiration. The United States will have a National Pavilion, along with the other great nations of the world, on the banks of the Seine. The American citizen may come to Paris and view with legitimate pride the graceful structure rising with dome-like effect almost two hundred feet above the river.

He will be there in his own home, for the French authorities have turned over to the United States, as a conquest of peaceful times, to be held throughout the duration of the Exposition, the very land on which the United States National Building will be erected. Since the day on which we were given possession, the site has been marked by four banners with the Stars and Stripes floating to the wind. The work upon this building has proceeded so far that within a few weeks the national eagle, with outstretched wings, will crown the topmost part of the structure. Indoors, the American will be at home with his friends, his newspapers, his guides, his facilities for stenography and typewriting, his post-office and his telegraph station, his money exchange, his bureau of public comfort and even his ice-water. He may consult his "ticker," where from four to six each afternoon he can receive direct from the New York and Chicago Stock Markets the latest quotations of the busy forenoon hours at home. And he will also find there the headquarters to be established by the American Chamber of Commerce for the intelligent dissemination of trustworthy and impartial commercial information.

We pass now rapidly by the Press Pavilion, the Palace for the Army and Navy exhibit, and the Palace of Merchant Marine. While on the subject of this building, it may be mentioned that a prize of 100,000 francs has been instituted on the private initiative of the heirs of Mr. Anthony Pollok, who went down with the ill-fated "Bourgogne." This prize is to be awarded under the auspices of the United States Commission to the best device for live-saving at sea. The idea has the sanction of the Exposition authorities. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs and the Minister of Marine have given it their moral support, and therefore the United States Secretary of State has properly invited all maritime nations to this humane competition on French soil. The

great nations of the earth have decided to take part, and France, Russia and Germany have relinquished generously their respective allotments in the main long gallery of the Merchant Marine Annex Building, bordering the Seine, in order that the entire space may be devoted to an international display of devices and inventions which may be productive of the highest and truest results for the welfare and protection of mankind.

Plentiful means of transportation about the grounds have been devised—chiefly between the Esplanade des Invalides and the Champ de Mars, where, on a stretch of a couple of miles, a circular double elevated structure has been provided, accommodating an electric railroad and a double moving sidewalk, one-half of which travels about twice as fast as the other.

The Champ de Mars will, doubtless, be the great gathering point for the large mass of visitors to the Exposition. The inventive genius of man holds here full sway and reigns supreme; its products are such as to fascinate the onlooker and rivet his attention. The Eiffel Tower stands out prominently as of yore; it does not lose its prestige; its power of attraction remains undiminished.

An ingenious piece of American machinery is presented now to the public for the first time, in one of the sections of the United States exhibit at the Champ de Mars. It is in every sense of the word a moving stairway, where you select your step and ascend with it. If in a hurry you can run upstairs; if you wish to come down your speed in descent must exceed that of the stairway's ascending motion. This contrivance bids fair to be one of the great attractions of the Exposition.

The general style of the buildings on the Champ de Mars is more sober and severe than on the Esplanade des Invalides. Their whole effect is more pleasing and, inasmuch as a larger space is allowed between them for the circulation of the public, they do not convey at any time a cramped idea.

We pass in review the Palace of Education and Liberal Arts, the Palace of Civil Engineering and Transportation, the Palace of Chemical Industries, the Palace of Textiles, and the Palace of Mining and Metallurgy. It is well worth while to single out for inspection the exquisite piece of work on the frieze of the Palace of Civil Engineering and Transportation. It represents in bas-relief the entire history of the development of the means of trans-

portation, beginning with the earliest days and proceeding through the ages down to the present time, from the ungainly team contrivance, past the stage-coach and the palanquin, to the safety bicycle and the automobile.

A brilliant display is expected in the new Palace of Machinery and Electricity. No pains are spared to take advantage of all electric means and devices to enhance its beauty and attractiveness. Outside, an electric fountain is rapidly assuming majestic proportions. Huge sheets of water will flow over multi-colored electric lights, creating, especially at night, a vision of fairy splendor. This Palace of Machinery and Electricity spreads over the Champ de Mars from side to side, directly in front of the old Machinery Hall, which is now converted to the use of the exhibit in Agriculture and Food Products. In the centre of this old hall a building within a building is being erected to serve for festive purposes and gatherings. It has a seating capacity of four thousand, and work is being pushed onward continuously night and day to complete it for the opening date.

To provide in sufficient measure for an adequate display of the agricultural resources of our country, it was found necessary to go outside of the main Agricultural Building, and claim space upon which to erect an Annex Pavilion of our own. A site was granted outside the main building, adjoining, on the upper floor, an allotment already made to the United States. A covered bridge was accordingly thrown over from the main structure to the Annex, thereby uniting the two spaces practically into one without apparent transition, and increasing our exhibit area by 15,000 square feet.

Similar conditions as to lack of space arose in other quarters as well, and each time additional grants of land were obtained from the French authorities on the Champ de Mars near the river, upon which to erect Annex Buildings in the group of Forestry, on the one hand, and in Merchant Marine on the other.

Leaving the Champ de Mars we cross the Pont de Jéna, which has been built out to a considerable width, and we enter the grounds of the Trocadéro, devoted largely to Colonial Exhibits. The buildings are mostly odd, fanciful in appearance, exotic in character; a Moorish style predominates, but never to the exclusion of fantastic taste and absolute architectural freedom. As a matter of fact, attractiveness of construction is the pass-word

of the builders and the key-note to the impression gathered. Nevertheless, important displays will be made by France along the lines of the classification of the colonial group. Russia has erected here a national structure and other buildings. England and South Africa present their colonial resources side by side.

As a special favor to the United States, the rules of the French classification were broken down, in order to let us devote our allotted space at the Trocadéro to a joint exhibit of the products and resources of Cuba and Hawaii under the American flag.

Despite the fact that the exhibit area within the city limits in 1900 is considerably in excess over that of 1889, it has not proved adequate to meet the requirements of the occasion. Accordingly, it was found necessary to provide for an Annex to the Exposition, and this has been done in the Park of Vincennes, outside Paris. There, for instance, is relegated the entire, cumbersome exhibit of railroad rolling stock, as well of France as of foreign nations. The bicycle industries will have a home of their own. The automobiles will be housed in comfortable quarters in close proximity to a track where they may be tested and speeded. The United States will display here a wonderful exhibit of tool machinery—in fact, will have a vast workshop in operation, where engineers and contractors can become personally acquainted with this important branch of our modern industry. A second Annex Building in Forestry is also planned by us for Vincennes, which will cover 15,000 square feet of space and serve to illustrate in better measure our country's resources in this direction.

There will be no want of side shows at the Exposition; sixty are already accepted and approved, and represent an invested capital of over twelve million dollars. Of scientific interest is the Optical Palace. A lens of wonderful dimensions is inserted in a huge, horizontal, stationary tube, and a brightly polished circular looking-glass moves in all directions in front of the same. The idea is to reflect the skies through the mirror into the telescope, and project the picture at the other end upon a screen, where a couple of thousand people may at one time scan the heavens as though they were but sixty-odd miles distant.

Other concessions include a large celestial globe, a Swiss village, moving dioramas, a trip around the world, a Maréorama, Andalusia in Moorish days, the Subterranean Mining Exhibit, a Street of Old Paris in the fourteenth century, etc.

This coming Exposition will be the sixteenth held on French soil. The first dates back to 1798, with 110 exhibitors, and it lasted for three days on the Champ de Mars. The last was in 1889, with 61,722 exhibitors, and an attendance of 32,650,000. The conservative forecast for 1900 is said to double these last named figures.

The greater the Exposition the more potent its influence upon the future. World's Fairs are indeed peaceful competitions. As such, the results of the Paris Exposition of 1900 are awaited with interest and impatience. But, on the other hand, peace permeates the entire fabric of an Exposition, and throughout its formative period we acknowledge with the utmost satisfaction that the Paris Exposition, with millions of dollars staked upon its success, has appeared constantly amid dark and troubled scenes as a blessed peace factor in the recent history of France.

B. D. WOODWARD.

MISTAKEN SYMPATHY WITH REPUBLICS.

BY THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

IN December, 1895, the people of the United States were stirred to great excitement by a message from the President, declaring in substance that a monarchy threatened to encroach upon the territory of a South American republic, and that our own Government ought to resist such an encroachment upon a sister republic, by every means in its power. Both branches of Congress unanimously approved of this message, and voted to appropriate all the money which the President asked, for the purpose of enabling him to decide whether any such encroachment was in danger of taking place. At about the same time, the Republic of France seized upon the Island of Madagascar, the Queen of which had submitted to every demand made upon her by the French, but was, nevertheless, deposed and imprisoned; and the entire island was annexed to the French Republic as a colony. As a necessary consequence of such annexation (since it is the invariable rule of the French Republic with regard to its colonies) American ships were practically excluded from trading with Madagascar, and American produce was shut out from its ports. Thereupon, Senator Morgan, of Alabama, offered resolutions in the United States Senate, congratulating the Republic of France upon its seizure of Madagascar, upon the sole ground that France was a "sister republic," while Madagascar was a "monarchy."

The Republic of Venezuela, on behalf of which nine-tenths of the American Congress appeared to be eager to go to war, had existed for about seventy years; during which time it had enjoyed about thirty military revolutions; and it was on the verge of another, when the intervention of the United States upon its behalf induced the revolutionists to pause, in the hope that this intervention would bring a flood of American gold, sufficient to

divide between parties; while there was good reason to fear that the result of any revolution in Venezuela, just then, would be to deter the United States from making the fortune of either party. Accordingly, the impending revolution was deferred, until the boundary question was settled by arbitration, when the military leader out of power promptly overthrew the existing Government and took possession himself.

The relations of Venezuela and the United States had previously been of that close and affectionate nature which has existed, time out of mind, between most American republics. The Government of Venezuela had for many years committed gross outrages upon citizens of the United States. After submitting to these outrages for twenty or thirty years, the United States suddenly concluded to demand justice. In one of the breathing spaces between the twenty-first and twenty-second revolutions of that happy country, Venezuela was induced to submit this demand to arbitration. In this arbitration, citizens of the United States who had suffered wrongs from Venezuela managed to avenge themselves on our sister republic, by preparing forged testimony; on the strength of which an award was made, which was soon proved to be a gigantic swindle. The twenty-third revolutionary government of Venezuela protested against this award; and after a long lapse of time, during which the citizens of the United States were almost unanimously indifferent to the fraud committed upon our sister republic, the twenty-fifth revolutionary government prevailed upon our Government to reopen the question and do something like justice.

This little bit of history, which in substance has been repeated more than a hundred times in different forms, suggests an inquiry as to what a "republic" really is, and how much claim upon the sympathies of a free people is established by the mere fact that a government calls itself a republic. The American idea of a republic is of a State, in which all residents have equal civil rights, and all male native born and naturalized residents have equal political rights, subject only to reasonable qualifications of general uniform application. And the one fundamental and indispensable condition of a republican form of government is that all its officers shall be either chosen by the free vote of a majority of citizens, or be appointed by other officers, who have been thus elected.

Now, there never has been a time in which a majority of so-called republics have answered to this description. With few exceptions, republics have always been either close oligarchies or military despotisms; in none of which have the great mass of even male adult natives had equal civil rights or any participation in the free election of their governors. Sparta and Athens are examples of the earliest historic republics. Both were oligarchies, in which only one man out of ten or twenty had the slightest share in government. In both, an enormous majority of the descendants of those who had for centuries occupied the land were absolute slaves; while in Athens, there was an intermediate class, much fewer in number than the slaves, but much more numerous than the 20,000 citizens; yet these 20,000 monopolized all the power of government. Rome was a republic, for several centuries. But this republic was governed by a Senate, which consisted of a few hundred self-selected patricians. A long time elapsed before the mass of the people had the slightest share in government; and all that they ever obtained was the right to elect two tribunes, who exercised a veto power, provided the Senate did not appoint a dictator to cut off their heads; which it had the power to do at any time, under the pretense of public danger. The name and forms of a republic were jealously preserved under Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, Nero and successive despots, for centuries more. Nevertheless, not even the nominally free citizens of Rome had the smallest voice in the government of the republic; while a vast majority of its inhabitants were miserable slaves.

Coming down to more modern days, Venice always called itself a republic. But Venice was governed by a small aristocracy, who delegated all power to the Council of Ten, which in turn committed the power of life and death, in absolute secrecy, to a Council of Three. Switzerland included a number of small republics, in some of which the people had a right to vote. In others, such as Berne, there never was any popular government: all power being strictly kept in the hands of a small aristocracy. Nine-tenths of the citizens of Berne were never allowed to tread upon its sidewalks. And not only did Berne hold in abject servitude the much larger district of Vaud, but even the Forest Cantons held a large and beautiful district of Northern Italy in practical slavery, for two centuries, until it was liberated by the French.

In 1792 France declared itself a republic, amid great rejoicing, not only there, but in America, where our fathers believed that the millennium had almost begun. But, within a few months, the French Republic proved itself to be the closest of oligarchies and the most relentless of tyrannies. More than two-thirds of its legislators were driven out by violence; and large numbers of them were sent to the scaffold. A small knot of blood-thirsty wretches concentrated all power in their own hands. They were followed by a Directory of Five, which permitted French citizens to vote for only one-third of the Legislature, and attended closely to the counting, even for those. When the most respectable citizens attempted to resist this decree, Bonaparte swept them away with grapeshot. The tyranny of this oligarchy having become both oppressive and contemptible, Bonaparte swept them away, in their turn, without even using grapeshot, contenting himself with the butts of his soldiers' guns. He then gave to all French citizens the inestimable privilege of universal manhood suffrage, exercised under his own supervision. Naturally, some millions of votes were cast in his favor; while not enough were counted in opposition to equal the frightened crowd which had run away before his soldiers. The new Constitution, thus adopted, provided for a Legislature which was not allowed to propose any measures of its own, but exercised the proud privilege of voting "yes" or "no" upon such measures as should be submitted for its consideration by Bonaparte himself. As it was well understood that, if any considerable number voted "no," they would speedily disappear from view, the negative vote was always small. Even after Napoleon Bonaparte was chosen Emperor, and donned a crown and purple robe, he continued for some time to issue coins, which are still extant, stamped: "*La République Française: Napoleon Empereur.*"

In February, 1848, France again declared itself a Republic, and adopted universal manhood suffrage. In December a vast majority of the nation, by a perfectly free vote, flung themselves into the arms of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, for no other reason than that he was supposed to be the nephew of the great Napoleon, who had led two million Frenchmen to slaughter, and had caused the death of four million other Europeans. The first use which the Republic made of its power was to crush the little Republic of Rome. In December, 1851, a vast majority of the people voted

to make Louis Napoleon their absolute despot for ten years, with a Legislature having no power, except to vote "yes" or "no" upon such measures as he should propose. This form of government lasted under the name of a Republic for one year, when it was merged in the title of Empire. But, in reality, there was more freedom under the Empire than there ever had been under the Republic. In 1870, the Empire was overthrown and a nominal Republic established, which has lasted until this day. But every Frenchman is held in the iron grip of a small knot of generals. No President or Prime Minister ever dared to oppose the dictates of these military tyrants, until within the last year; and even then, Loubet and Waldeck-Rousseau would not have dared to undertake the task of government without the aid of a ferocious military chieftain, who was prepared to meet with blood and steel any attempt at military revolt. Without going into details, it is notorious that the Government of France, during all these thirty years, has been about equally divided between republican forms and military despotism.

At the present time, there are twenty nominal republics in the world, outside of Africa and the tiny mountain district of San Marino. These are France, Switzerland, the United States of America, Hayti, San Domingo, Mexico, Guatemala, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Ecuador, Brazil, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentina, Paraguay and Uruguay. Of these, only Switzerland and the United States are real republics, within any reasonable definition of that word. France is half republic and half military despotism. All the remaining seventeen are either absolute military despotisms or mere oligarchies, in which a small minority of the people monopolize all the powers of government, while the great mass are little, if any, better than slaves. The forms of republican government are undoubtedly maintained in nearly all of them, to the same extent as they were maintained in Rome under Tiberius, or in France, under the Prince President, Louis Napoleon. Legislatures meet and discuss at great length propositions of law, submitted to them by a dictator, at the end of which they vote in the affirmative or fly for their lives. In Chili, Argentina, and possibly one or two more of these republics, there is a larger freedom of discussion, and a greater absence of military dictatorship than in the others. But in Chili, all the land worth having is owned by a few families; and

a vast majority of the people are bound to these families in a mild but effectual slavery. In a large majority of these republics, there is not, and there never has been, any government, except such as was imposed by military force after a successful revolution, confirmed by the forms of a popular election, at which anybody was permitted to vote freely, provided he voted for the ruling dictator. Even subjects of the German and Austrian Emperors have far more liberty and far more real voice in the government of their country, than have the "free and independent" citizens of any republic on the continent of America, except our own. The subjects of the monarchies of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Holland and Belgium have vastly more.

It will thus be seen that there is no substantial foundation for the current opinion that the mere name of "republic" is sufficient to entitle a government to the sympathy of any free and self-governing people. But there are other considerations which are of even greater importance to the right direction of our sympathies. If experience should prove that the government of any country treated American citizens with more respect and consideration, when it was nominally monarchical, than it ever did when nominally republican, common sense would soon teach us that our sympathies were very much misdirected, if they led us to prefer republican to monarchical government in that country. And if the same experience showed us that so-called monarchical nations or colonies uniformly showed more favor to American citizens than did republican nations, it is very certain that all those who had this personal experience would prefer monarchies to republics. Now it happens that this precise fact is proved by all history as well as by all present experience. There is not a republic in the whole world, not even including France and Switzerland, in which an American citizen is as justly and liberally treated as he is under the monarchies of Denmark, Holland, Belgium and Great Britain; while the treatment of Americans in France and Switzerland is not one whit better than it is under the imperial Governments of Austria and Germany. When, however, we compare the conduct of Government officials in the kingdoms first named, with the conduct of Government officials in any of the seventeen South American Republics, the contrast is enormous, and altogether to the disadvantage of our "sister republics." There is not one of

these so-called republics which has not at some time in its history inflicted many grievous wrongs upon American citizens; and nearly all of them have at various times committed the grossest outrages, including confiscation, wholesale robbery, imprisonment, expulsion and even personal torture. The United States Government has, upon innumerable occasions, been compelled to demand compensation for such injuries, although it has only on few occasions recovered any such compensation. Indeed, it has been found such a difficult and unpleasant task to appeal to these so-called republics for justice, that in a great majority of cases American citizens have found it useless to ask their own Government to do so. There has been some slow improvement in these respects; but even yet there is not a single republic on the whole continent of America, where citizens of the United States are treated half as decently as they are in every part of the British Empire.

These considerations have an obvious application to the war between Great Britain and the Transvaal Republic. The enthusiastic partisans of the Transvaal claim that they constitute a vast majority of the people of the United States. Whatever may be their number, there is no doubt that, after setting aside that large class of citizens by adoption, whose chief motive in political life is hatred of Great Britain, the remainder are on the side of the Transvaal for substantially no other reason than that it calls itself a republic, while Great Britain calls itself a monarchy. Let us then impartially examine the principal characteristics of the two Governments, thus placed in opposition to each other.

Cape Colony is a British dependency; and, therefore, it is theoretically part of a monarchy. But that colony has a separate Government, with a Parliament elected by the free vote of all its citizens, a large majority of whom are of Dutch, not British, origin. These Dutchmen, as they are proud to call themselves, elect a majority of the Parliament, appoint all the ministry, and have in their possession the entire government of the country. They lay and expend their own taxes; and in no respect whatever does an Englishman have any advantage over a Dutchman. Great Britain, it is true, appoints a Governor; but he never interferes with the internal affairs of the colony. Those who prefer English can have their children taught in English; and those who prefer Dutch can have their children taught in Dutch. Every town has its own municipal government; justice is impartially ad-

ministered; all white men stand upon an equal footing. There is no distinction as to race among white men, or as to religion among any men. One Prime Minister was an Irishman by birth; another was a rich man, who paid all the salaries of the Irish Home Rulers in Parliament for a year; and the present one is a representative Dutchman. No one suggests that there has been any corruption in the Government, or that justice has not been impartially rendered to all; and such a thing as the removal of a judge from office, for making a decision displeasing to the ruling powers, has never been dreamed of. There is no aristocracy and no oligarchy in Cape Colony; and the only semblance of monarchy consists in the theoretical recognition of an absent Queen, who has in fact no power. This so-called monarchical province is in reality a republic, as free and independent as the United States of America, except that it has not the right of entering into foreign relations, or of making war or peace; these powers being reserved to the Parliament of Great Britain.

On the other hand, the Transvaal calls itself the "South African Republic." Its people abhor the idea of a monarchy. But their government consists of a President and two legislative bodies, called the First and Second Raads. The Second Raad has no power, except to talk. It is at liberty to frame bills, and to send them to the Upper Raad; which invariably and unanimously casts all such papers into its waste basket, never even discussing anything which comes from the Second Raad. The Constitution prohibits the First Raad from proposing any measure, and confines its powers to discussing and voting upon measures which are sent to it, either from the President or from the Second Raad. As it is determined not to recognize anything which comes from the Second Raad, the inevitable result is that no law ever can be passed which is not proposed by the President. The concurrence of the Second Raad is not necessary for any purpose. Anything which is proposed by the President and voted by the First Raad becomes a law, without further ceremony.

As the Constitution may be amended or abolished at a moment's notice, by the vote of the First Raad, on the proposition of the President, it is impossible to tell what that Constitution may be to-day. And as it is untruly pretended that the complaints of foreigners relate to regulations introduced since the Jameson Raid of December, 1895, we confine our statements to the condi-

tion of things as they were before the Jameson Raid was thought of. No local municipal government of any kind was allowed. The City of Johannesburg, with 50,000 inhabitants, was not merely not allowed to *elect* a municipal government: it was not allowed to *have* any, whether elected or appointed. Everything had to be referred to President Krüger and his First Raad. Every Boer was compelled to keep a rifle: and no foreigner was permitted to have one. No Roman Catholic or Jew was allowed to vote or to hold office; and for a long time not even a Protestant was allowed to vote, unless he belonged to the orthodox Dutch Church. Although two-thirds of the residents of the Transvaal could neither speak nor understand the Dutch language, and although all educated residents understood the English language, yet English and American children were forced to learn Dutch, to the exclusion of English; while the use of any other language than Dutch, in the courts or in any official proceedings, was strictly prohibited. It frequently happened that the judges, all the counsel and all the witnesses understood English better than Dutch, and that the technical phrases upon which the issue turned were in English, and could not be expressed correctly in Dutch. Nevertheless, everybody in court was compelled either to talk in Dutch, or, having spoken in English, to listen while his language was mangled by a Dutch interpreter. Occasionally, a judge so far forgot himself as to allow a case to be stated to him in English, where both parties spoke English only. For this, he was promptly punished by a fine, and threatened with removal if he repeated the offense. A judge of the highest court was called upon to decide a controversy between an American resident and the Transvaal Government. Being an honest man, he made a preliminary decision in favor of the American; whereupon President Krüger promptly caused his removal from office, and passed a law, forbidding any similar case ever to be brought into court. Finding that upon another question a majority of the highest court would not accept his dictation, President Krüger caused the court to be abolished and fresh judges substituted, of a more subservient nature.

President Krüger not merely expressly invited foreigners to enter the Transvaal for mining purposes, but also personally sold to them tracts of mining land, receiving \$500,000 in gold for a single farm. He procured skilled men to frame a code of mining laws for the encouragement of that industry; and, within a few

years, foreign miners and investors poured into the country at such a rate that they constituted about two-thirds of the permanent population. They paid to the Boers about \$20,000,000 for the mere land. The mines, being of low grade, would have been entirely worthless, but for the use of the finest and most highly developed machinery. The equipment of the mines, therefore, cost about \$30,000,000 more. There was not in 1895, and there is not now, any property in the Transvaal, having any commercial value outside of its limits, that is not the creation of these foreign residents and the fruit of foreign capital and industry. For the avowed reason that so many foreigners had entered into the country and had developed its wealth, enriching the Boers both as a people and as individuals, President Krüger changed the naturalization laws, so as to make it impossible for them to become citizens. Whereas, when they first began to come, the law allowed them to become citizens in two years, he suddenly changed the term to nine years, and again to fourteen years, avowing his intention to keep changing and extending the term, just so far as might be necessary to make it impossible for the great majority of the population ever to have any share in the government. He allowed foreigners to vote for members of the Second Raad, after a shorter term of residence; but, as already stated, this Second Raad had no power whatever, either to propose or to reject laws. It was a mere cipher. No one could acquire a vote for the First Raad, unless he renounced the protection of his native country, without getting the protection of his adopted country or of any other, for a term of fourteen years. During this term, he must serve in the army whenever called upon, furnishing his own horse and gun, his own food and clothing, without pay. He assumed for fourteen years all the burdens of a citizen, without any more rights than a negro. At the end of that time, he still could not get full rights of citizenship, unless he was forty years of age, and produced a certificate from the Field Cornet of his district, to the effect that his name had been registered on the Cornet's books for fourteen years, that during all that time he had faithfully served in the army, and had been in every respect a good subject. As most Field Cornets never kept any such books, the fulfilment of this condition was usually impossible. But, in the few cases where it could be fulfilled, there must be then added a written certificate, from two-thirds of the Boers living in the

same district, to much the same effect. These certificates must then be presented to President Krüger, in whose absolute discretion it lay whether to admit the applicant or not. All these rules applied equally to persons born in the Transvaal of foreign parents. As might naturally be expected, the Boers treated with the utmost contempt all white men who, thus living among them, were kept in such servile conditions.

Corruption and monopolies were universal. In a railroad litigation, it was proved before a Boer Court that nine-tenths of all the principal officials and members of the First Raad had taken bribes. Among them was the son-in-law and private secretary of President Krüger. But it was notorious that nothing could be got without bribing the President's son-in-law, and that anything could be got through in that way. According to the testimony of his own friends, he is worth several million dollars, and lives in a \$250,000 house, although he has never earned \$2,500 by honest labor in his life. As an immense amount of dynamite was required in mining, President Krüger granted a monopoly of dynamite to a small combination, with which, as usual, his relatives were closely connected. This monopoly kept the price of dynamite at about three times its price outside of the Transvaal. They pretended to manufacture it at home; but the official report of a Boer commission shows that this manufacture was a mere fraud, the dynamite being imported ready for use, and simply manipulated a little, so as to give it the appearance of having been changed. The only effect of this manipulation was to deteriorate its quality to such an extent that it became dangerous to handle, and fearful explosions, causing frightful loss of life, ensued. As fast as any article of supply or food was found to be in great demand, President Krüger would create a new monopoly. Thus, finding that Englishmen were fond of jam, he established a monopoly in jam, under the pretense of encouraging domestic industry.

Taxation was ingeniously arranged in such manner as to cast nine-tenths of its burden upon foreigners, who were not allowed to vote. It has been pretended that the greater part of this taxation was levied directly upon the mines, so as to fall mainly upon wealth. But this statement is not true. The great bulk of taxation was laid upon the necessities of life, and thus fell mainly upon the shoulders of the relatively poor. The large and rapidly in-

creasing revenue was made the excuse for a still more rapidly increasing scale of salaries and jobs. Official salaries were increased from less than \$150,000 a year to more than \$6,000,000.

The cruelty of the Boer Government could be proved in a hundred ways; but two or three examples must suffice. Pretexts were easily found for repeated onslaughts upon the black natives. Those who resisted were massacred without mercy, and those who submitted were made practical slaves, under the name of "apprentices." Erasmus, who is a particular pet of the President, drove a crowd of black women and children into a cave, and then built a fire in front of the cave, with the result of either suffocating or burning them all to death, not one being allowed to escape. General Cronjé and Erasmus were convicted in a Boer Court, of gross and unlawful brutality to the female chief of a native tribe and twenty of her men, without the smallest evidence of their having done anything wrong. They were both condemned to pay small damages to the injured natives; but they never paid any; and immediately after the conviction President Krüger appointed them to govern the district in which their unfortunate prosecutors lived. No negro has ever since made complaint of Cronjé or Erasmus.

As to their treatment of white men, the official record of the trial of the Johannesburg Reform Committee is sufficient evidence. Sixty of the very best men in the city were thrown into prison on a charge of treason; the alleged treason consisting only of an attempt to compel internal reforms, without the least idea of taking away the independence of the Republic. Every Boer of any prominence had been guilty of treason at some time or other, including especially Krüger himself. No one convicted of treason had ever been punished by anything more than a small fine. The Boer judges were too honorable and consistent to be willing to impose any greater punishment upon foreigners. Therefore, President Krüger imported a foreigner, named Gregorowski, and appointed him judge, for that occasion only, to try the foreign prisoners. Before the trial opened, he borrowed a black cap. The foreigners being then positively assured that, if they would plead guilty, they would all be let off with the usual small fine, which could not by law exceed \$185, they did so plead. Thereupon Gregorowski revived an ancient provision of Roman-Dutch law, under which treason was punishable with death, and he forthwith sentenced the principal prisoners to be hanged and the others to

long terms of imprisonment. President Krüger announced that certain pious scruples forbade him from commuting death sentences for fines; but, after much back-stairs negotiation, the prisoners were informed that if they would make charitable contributions, ranging from \$10,000 to \$125,000 each, the President would magnanimously pardon them. These contributions, amounting to about \$1,100,000 in all, were paid. Mr. Krüger put the money in his pocket, and the "charities" have never been heard of since. There is not in the record of criminal justice in any monarchy, during the last two hundred years, any example of fines of this magnitude being imposed for any offense whatever.

Illustrations might be multiplied without end, to show the true character of this so-called Republic. No public meeting could be held in the open air; and any meeting in a hall could be instantly dispersed at the will of any policeman. Newspapers could be suppressed, at the will of Mr. Krüger. Even petitions were finally prohibited. Power was given to the President to expel any foreigner, without any cause assigned, and to confiscate his property on a fictitious pretense. Fifty thousand persons were thus expelled, in October, 1899, and all their property has been confiscated. And then a law was passed empowering the Boer army to force any American or other neutral to serve it in any menial capacity which its officers might dictate.

It is pleaded, in excuse for these undeniable facts, that each of them might be paralleled in some other country; that the government of New York City is as corrupt; that our tariff is as bad; that meetings are suppressed in Ireland and Germany, and that aliens are expelled from France. But there is no such *combination* of oppression, corruption, cruelty and outrage to be found in Europe, west of Turkey, and none on this continent, except in some of our beloved "sister republics" of Central America.

To sum up, there is not a republic on earth, except Switzerland and our own United States, in which there is even an approximation to the honesty of administration found in at least six European monarchies; nor anything like the combination of governmental honesty, judicial impartiality, equality of rights, personal liberty and liberality toward Americans, which can be found in those monarchies and in all of the British colonies.

THOMAS G. SHEARMAN.

AN OBLIGATION OF EMPIRE.

BY MARY ENDICOTT CHAMBERLAIN.

THE profession of nursing is of such importance in modern times, and science and training have done so much to develop and make it efficient, that it has become the duty of all who have it in their power to help to extend its benefits to plead its cause.

It is, therefore, desired to call the attention of the readers of this REVIEW to an Association, which has only been in existence for a few years, and whose work is but little known, but which is of such inestimable value that a brief account of it may be of some interest, not only in Great Britain, to whose colonies it ministers, but in America as well.

Recent developments of policy, arising out of the Spanish-American War, have brought before the citizens of the United States many of the problems that for generations have confronted the nation which, of all others, has been the pioneer of colonial expansion of the modern type. From the moment this policy was initiated, Englishmen have watched with the keenest interest and deepest sympathy the efforts of their kinsmen across the sea to meet the responsibilities with which they themselves are so familiar, and it may be useful to those Americans whose thoughts are turning to the consideration of new needs and new obligations to have before them some of the results of the experience which the world-wide Empire of Great Britain has afforded to her sons and daughters.

For present purposes, the experiences may be divided into two classes: those furnished by the great self-governing colonies and those furnished by the Crown colonies. It is with these last that this article is especially concerned. Situated in tropical or sub-tropical regions, their European population is chiefly confined to managers of commercial undertakings and the official class, and is, of course, very limited; while their tie with the mother country is

a closer one than that of the larger dependencies, in that they are more directly connected with her in all the administrative branches of their governments, and are often dependent on her to open and extend the avenues of their material prosperity. These countries are varied in their climates, but still more so in their peoples. Races of every color and creed inhabit them, and while to the native the climate is innocuous, to the white man it is often deadly, without those aids to life and health which he must carry with him, if his work is to be one of development and progress in the distant lands for whose civilization and advancement he has made himself responsible.

For many years excellent Government hospitals have been established in the Crown colonies, which have brought medical aid and careful nursing to the natives and poorer classes of the community; but, great as is the advantage of these institutions, their good work is of necessity restricted to nursing those within their walls. Here the responsibility of the Government ceases, and rightly ceases. All who can and will enter the wards of the hospital as patients are welcome, but in many places this is practically impossible. Very often illness occurs at long distances from the capital, where the hospital is situated, in countries where the means of travelling make it impossible for an invalid to move without grave danger to life; and even where this obstacle does not exist, there are frequently objections, which long residence among alien races does not make it easier to overcome. For educated Englishmen or their wives to find themselves in a hospital among natives or other uncongenial companions, is an ordeal from which they may well shrink. In small communities the accommodation does not always permit of the multiplication of wards, and thus the divisions which in a large hospital at home are a matter of course are an unheard-of luxury.

Terrible hardships are often the result. Delicately nurtured women are exposed to suffering and peril which are inconceivable; little babies are left neglected and spend their brief lives in pain which might so easily have been saved; strong men, who have never had to think of themselves are struck down by that baleful and deadly foe, tropical fever, far away from all the comforts to which they have been accustomed, with no friend at hand, with no white woman within reach—only natives near them, who are totally incapable of carrying out any directions which the weary

doctor on his long rounds leaves during the visits which he is only able to make at rare intervals. The terror of helpless loneliness is added to the misery of a wasting disease.

From time to time in the past, efforts have been made in various places to secure a private nurse, and sufficient money has been raised to get one from England; but, as a rule, these attempts have failed, owing to the impossibility of making satisfactory investigations and engaging the nurse under a proper guarantee, or from other causes. The money once expended could not be replaced, and those who had tried in vain to make this provision were discouraged.

Such a condition of affairs as this prevailed in the Island of Mauritius when Mrs. Francis Piggott, whose husband is a distinguished member of the Colonial Service, went to live there. The crying evil that, in a colony where the well-to-do classes could afford to pay for the services of a trained nurse, there were no adequate means of nursing cases of serious illness, was brought forcibly home to her mind by the death of three young Englishmen on one plantation alone. In each case it was evident that, had proper care been available, there would have been every chance of recovery. Her own experience in going to the assistance of friends—a young officer whose wife was ill, and whose child was at death's door, while their only attendant was an ignorant native woman—still further convinced her that the time had come to make an organized effort to supply a deficiency which was fraught with such serious consequences to the lives of our fellow countrymen abroad.

She immediately began to gather information from Colonial Governors, medical officers, and others competent to give her advice in working out the problems with which she had decided to deal. By the time she came home, in 1895, she had already formed the basis of a scheme, and it only remained to enlist the sympathy and support of those who could help to make it successful. Mrs. Piggott's private friends did much to assist her at the outset, and it was not long before a fund of several hundred pounds was raised with which to begin work. But more than this was required. She felt that, in attempting to carry out an experiment of this kind, it was essential to success to have the moral support which the Colonial Office could give. Accordingly, while the scheme was still in its infancy, it was submitted to the authorities, who saw

that the need which she described was great, and that there was much scope for useful work in the direction she proposed. They promised to do all in their power to assist her, and suggested some slight alterations calculated to make the plan more practicable. These were accepted, and in the summer of 1896 the first general meeting of the Colonial Nursing Association was held. Already it had begun its work; for, during the spring, Mauritius had benefited by the first contributions which Mrs. Piggott had received, and two private nurses had been sent out, their passages being paid and their salaries of £60 a year guaranteed by the Association. At this meeting it was announced that the Secretary of State for the Colonies had given his official recognition to the scheme by sending a circular despatch to all the Governors of the Crown colonies, inclosing the papers of the Colonial Nursing Association, and recommending it to their consideration.

This led to renewed interest in the subject of nursing within the colonies themselves. The Gold Coast voted money for the establishment of three trained nurses in the Government Hospital, and before the end of the year the Colonial Office applied to the Colonial Nursing Association to select them. Lagos, where there had already been two English nurses, asked for a third, and Sierra Leone soon followed this example. The Colonial Nursing Association thus received an impetus which has been of the utmost value to it; for, though its main object from the first has been to provide private trained nurses for the Crown colonies and British communities abroad, it is a great advantage to be called upon by the Colonial Office to recommend nurses for the various Government hospitals. It helps to give wider experience of the requirements of the different colonies, and may, in the future, pave the way for placing private nurses where they are most needed. On the other hand, the Colonial Office is relieved of the difficult task of interviewing and selecting nurses; and, as long as the Association exercises a wise discretion in the recommendations it makes, there is every reason to believe that this official co-operation with a private enterprise is likely to continue.

When the Association was originally started, Mrs. Piggott was fortunate in being able to interest H. R. H. the Princess Henry of Battenberg, who consented to become its Patron, while Lord Loch, whose experience in colonial affairs made him a most valuable acquisition, undertook to be its President. A small Com-

mittee of Management, with Mrs. Piggott as Honorary Secretary, was the working body, and for three years this arrangement was not disturbed. These three years witnessed a great advance in the development of the work. Private nurses were applied for by many colonies, and the Colonial Office made further requests for hospital nurses. The increase of work made it necessary to enlarge the committee, and in 1899 more formal rules were adopted. The Association was inaugurated under the same President, with a Council, an Executive Committee, and honorary officers. The Executive Committee then appointed three sub-committees—the Colonial, Finance and Nursing Committees—which now deal with the details of the work that formerly devolved upon the Committee of Management, and leave the present Executive Committee free to devote itself to the larger questions of principle and administration.

Through the medium of the Colonial Committee, the Association is placed in communication with the colonies requiring nurses. It conducts the correspondence with the people interested in the project, induces them to form local committees to undertake the supervision of nurses and to raise funds, and is often able to stimulate them to make efforts in this direction, which would be impossible had they no assurance that the arrangements on this side would be satisfactory. Success in raising money varies with the resources of the different colonies, but when the Association is satisfied that all has been done which is possible under the circumstances it endeavors to meet the local committee by making a grant to it. Sometimes the committee on the spot undertakes to pay the salary and maintenance of the nurse, while the Association pays her passage out or guarantees this last until it can be repaid by the colonists; sometimes, the colony is only able to provide the maintenance, and the rest of the cost falls on the Association; or else the Association binds itself to provide any deficit there may be, within certain limits. Each agreement differs a little from the other, and it is the aim of the Association to help people to help themselves, rather than to make it easy to receive such a boon as it gives without any personal sacrifice on the part of the recipients. At the same time, experience shows that when once a nurse is installed she soon wins her way to the gratitude of the residents, who discover the blessing of the trained care she can give; and the contrast to the former state of absolute helplessness

is so great that they are much more ready to contribute to her support than when the proposal to do so is first suggested to them. Accordingly, when a new nurse is called for, the Association is encouraged to be as generous as its means will allow in making the arrangements for the first year.

A monthly column in a paper called *Nursing Notes* helps to make the Association known in the nursing world; but from the beginning there has been little difficulty in the supply of nurses, who apply, as a rule, on their own initiative. The candidates are interviewed before their names are taken, and there is now a long list on the books of the Association of nurses who may be called upon at short notice.

Whenever a vacancy or a new demand arises, the nurses available are sent for by the Nursing Committee, and the utmost care is taken to ascertain not only their professional qualifications, as to which a three years' certificate from one hospital and a midwife's certificate are required, but also their antecedents and everything which can bear upon their personal character, as this is a most important element for consideration before sending them so far away from the restraining influences of home. If it be possible to secure the advice of any lady from the colony who may happen to be in England at the time, she is invited by the committee to be present at the interview with the nurses, in order that full information may be given as to the climate and conditions of life in the place to which they are to be sent. When the appointment is for a Government hospital, the Association assumes no financial responsibility in regard to it. As soon as the nurse takes it up, she comes under the regulations for Government servants, and her salary and all expenses are paid by the colony in which she is employed. If, on the other hand, it is for a private nurse, she is obliged to sign an agreement to abide by the terms and regulations of the Colonial Nursing Association and to obey the rules of the local committee. These afford sufficient guarantees that in the event of her breaking her engagement without due cause, the Colonial Nursing Association will not suffer financial loss—a provision which the past experience of benevolent individuals who had occasionally attempted to get a nurse from England showed to be most necessary. The salary of these nurses is never less than £60 a year, and whether it is paid by the Association or the colonists depends on the particular arrangement which has been

arrived at between the Colonial Nursing Association and the local committee. The selection of a nurse by the sub-committee is always subject to her being declared medically fit for the post to which she is going, and in order to insure that no woman shall be exposed to an unhealthy climate without the sanction of a medical officer who has experience of the tropics, the Association requires that she shall be examined by a doctor of their own choice. Dr. Patrick Manson, Medical Advisor of the Colonial Office, who examines all candidates for the Colonial Service, has kindly undertaken this task for the private nurses as well, and thus the Association is able to discharge a responsibility which it feels to be a great one, with full confidence that the nurses sent out under its auspices will not be submitted to physical risks which can be avoided. When the candidate is finally chosen, an allowance for her outfit is sometimes made, and the Association arranges for her passage out, a second-class ticket being provided. In some cases, through the liberality of the steamship companies, her fare is at a reduced rate.

It is a satisfactory sign that so many highly qualified women are ready and eager to take posts in unhealthy climates, under conditions so different to those to which they have been accustomed. How different can best be gauged by the accounts which they themselves send home. Letters from Nassau, Perak and Kwaler Lumpor in the Malay States, Mauritius, Ceylon, Lagos in the West Coast of Africa, Gebba and Lokoja in Nigeria, coming from private as well as hospital nurses, tell of the details of their work, and the obstacles which they encounter. For instance, the hospital nurses speak of their laborious efforts to train and make use of the native attendants, who, after long hours of patient teaching, are discovered manufacturing poultices with tepid water and applying them to the unfortunate patient at random; and of the hopelessness of instilling any lasting knowledge of the simplest processes into the native mind, so that constant supervision and unflagging vigilance are necessary. Cases of all kinds come to them, from the Englishman who has fallen a prey to the ravages of fever, to the poor young native woman whose husband had tried to murder her, and who lay for eight hours more dead than alive before she was brought into hospital to have her thirty wounds bound up and treated, and her fractured arm set. Her nurse writes: "I am very proud of her, as no one but myself has touched her since the

first morning. She is now quite well, except for the fracture. It will now be put in splints. The arm was so badly hacked we could not put it in splints, owing to the number of wounds to dress. She was hacked with a short, dirty, grass-cutting knife. When her supposed husband was asked why he did it, he replied he only gave her a few little cuts to frighten her. She was wife No. 2, and very young and pretty. Three of her lovely teeth have gone, too." Such a narrative throws a side-light on the manners and customs which may be met with in the East. The cottage hospitals set down amid beautiful tropical surroundings sound very attractive, but occasionally their furnishing leaves much to be desired, and the nurses have many inconveniences to put up with, besides their difficulties in coping with the native dressers. The private nurses, too, find themselves in strange places—if they are single-handed, one case follows another so quickly that it is hard for them to feel they have done justice to all. One writes of having been called to a serious case of typhoid two hours after her arrival in Ceylon, and others find cases booked for months in advance. Their time is largely occupied by maternity cases and various forms of fever, and they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are able to save many valuable lives. They themselves feel that the strongest plea for their services is the desperate plight in which they often find young men on distant estates, ill to the point of death with enteric fever, isolated from all friends, the doctor only able to visit them once a day, and their native servants ready to be kind, but too ignorant and superstitious to be relied upon for intelligent care. The timely arrival of the nurse from home has, in many instances, averted fatal consequences from the complications which such a state of neglect brings about. The prevailing tone which runs through all the correspondence from which these facts are gleaned is one of cheerful readiness to do their duty, and it is a tribute to the unselfish devotion of English nurses that they know how to make the best of the circumstances in which they find themselves, and are not easily discouraged when their path is beset by unforeseen trials.

But, while the functions of these Colonial and Nursing Committees are the most interesting, equally important are those of the Finance Committee.

Until last year, the funds were entirely derived from the sum originally raised by Mrs. Piggott and a few annual subscriptions.

The necessities of the work require that there should always be a certain floating capital, which can be drawn upon at any moment to meet a sudden demand for outfit, passage-money, etc., which cannot be estimated beforehand, but which often needs a large sum at once. As a general rule, this sum is advanced as a loan, and is refunded as soon as the nurse arrives in the colony; but it may also be that the Association must wait for months before the local committee is in a position to repay its debt. As the list of subscriptions is not long, it was felt it would be a great advantage to have a small endowment fund, from which a regular income would accrue, and thus make the Association less dependent on the fluctuations of popular support. Accordingly, it was decided by the Executive Committee to endeavor to raise a fund of £5,000 for investment. An appeal was made to the public, and although a certain proportion of this modest sum was obtained, donations have recently very largely fallen off in consequence of the numerous demands made upon the public in connection with the war in South Africa. It is much to be hoped that the whole of this amount may before long be in the hands of the Trustees.

In July, 1899, the annual meeting of the Association was held at Stafford House. Lord Loch presided, and the resolution adopting the report was moved by the Secretary of State for the Colonies and seconded by Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary of the late Government. Both expressed their conviction that the field of work was ripe for the harvest, and in his official capacity, Mr. Chamberlain testified to the appreciation which the officials felt for the exertions of the society, and quoted a letter from Colonel Wilcox, in command of the West African frontier force on the Niger, "who had paid a high tribute to the value of the services rendered by the ladies who undertook these labors in connection with the force under his command, and declared his belief that the recovery of some of the young officers from the deadly black water fever was due mainly to the care and the attention of the nurses sent out by the Association."

Since the first appointments were made in 1896, fifty-eight nurses have been sent out by the Colonial Nursing Association, of whom twenty have been private nurses and thirty-eight hospital nurses. The former are employed in Ceylon, Cyprus, Dominica, East Griqualand, Japan, Mauritius, Perak, Selangor, Singapore, and also at Bangkok, where there is a nursing home for which

the Queen of Siam, who is much interested in it, has given a house, on the understanding that they shall train several Siamese women every year. The latter are in Accra, the Bahamas, Cape Coast Castle, Ceylon, Cyprus, Hong-Kong, Lagos, Northern Nigeria, Old Calabar, Perak, Selangor, Sierra Leone, Singapore and Trinidad. In Accra, Bangkok, Hong-Kong, Lagos, Old Calabar and Sierra Leone there is a provision which permits the nurses to go out to take care of private cases, when occasion arises. This touches a point which the committee keeps before it as an ideal—viz.: that in the future every hospital or nursing home which receives support from Government funds should have rooms attached to it which can be the headquarters of nurses whose first duty will be to devote themselves to private cases, and whose time, when not employed in this way, can be given to work in the hospital. This would greatly simplify the question of proper lodgings for the private nurses when they are disengaged—a problem which in some remote places it is not easy to solve.

Simultaneously with the work of this Association special efforts have been made, both by private individuals and Her Majesty's Government, to establish schools of tropical medicine, and to promote investigations into the causes of tropical diseases. A school has been started at the Dreadnought Hospital at the Royal Victoria and Albert Docks at Greenwich, assisted by a grant from the Imperial Government, and there is also one at the Royal Southern Hospital at Liverpool. Both places afford unusual facilities for the practical study and treatment of these disorders, as ships constantly return to the docks with severe cases on board which are at once removed to the hospitals.

The Colonial Nursing Association has arranged with these hospitals to take a certain number of their nurses for a short course of special instruction. Already a preference is given by the Association to those who have undergone this supplementary training, and, in the near future, it is probable that no nurse will be sent to the more dangerous climates who has not had the advantages of this experience.

The work which has been described in the preceding pages may appear to be unimportant in comparison with much that is done in the large charitable institutions which abound in the great cities of England and America; but, nevertheless, it is not one of the least of the obligations of empire.

The control of the tropics devolves more and more on the Anglo-Saxon race, and it carries with it the responsibility for the civilization and welfare of the vast populations which turn to English-speaking people for protection and good government.

This duty can only be satisfactorily discharged by men of character and ability, who will bring to their work the best qualities of their race.

The lives of such men are precious, and any organization which will help to preserve them will tend to make the task of administration in tropical countries more easy, and to lighten the burden which empire must bring.

MARY ENDICOTT CHAMBERLAIN.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF ENGLISH FICTION.

BY GEORGE MOORE.

I.

It is always difficult to realize that circumstance is unstable and fleeting and that a dream outlasts an empire. Two years ago an Englishman died amid such vociferous testimony of his greatness that he seemed certain of eternal remembrance. But in spite of our resolution to remember, a veil of dust already divides us from him; his name, though vivid in the stone, is vague in the heart, for the heart only remembers ideas and dreams. A few years before, an Irishman died, abandoned by his country amid all circumstance of political disaster. But circumstance is unsubstantial and transitory and the light that he carried on earth seems merely to have been lifted into the sky. One man sprang from an ancient civilization whose life has passed out of dream into circumstance and facts, the other from a race still subject to dreams.

* * * * *

In Elizabethan times England was young, blithe, careless, interested in ideas rather than in facts, and neither in social customs nor in adventures in the South Seas did our early poets find subjects for their poems; the human heart was their adventure, and the Elizabethans span their poems out of the passions. A nation in its youth may be compared with a fountain which, bursting through the loose earth, scatters all the summer a refreshing brightness amid embowering trees. The birds come down from the branches and drink, with sweet movement of head and throat, and flowers brighten beneath the refreshing shower. The sun's heat cakes the earth, but still the water flows, loosening it, and the grass and flowers renew themselves until the first frost marks a deadly change in the season. But even at the end of September,

in October, after the first frosts, summer may come again; a gentle, inactive summer, with here and there a day that is most June-like. And a beautiful St. Martin's summer happened at the beginning of this century. Our fountain of song burst forth again, the late summer lasted until nearly two-thirds of the century were done, and in the seventies were seen the last days of summer weather. November came with the eighties, a wheezy, asthmatic bard with gray in his beard. In December, in the nineties, the English garden was white; the diminishing water from the fountain ascended for the last time; and now it stands stiff and cold in the air!

There comes a moment in the life of every nation when it crystallizes, and England crystallized with Cromwell. An iron wind came out of the north, and Milton's magnificence is stern and cold; the feet of the colossus are beginning to freeze; the month is September, and his verse is perceptibly chiller than the warm, live stream of Elizabethan poetry. The frost continued; upon the first thin ice Pope did some excellent figure-skating; and it took fifty years or more to melt this first ice. Then spring came again, or was it a second summer which happened in our literature at the beginning of the century? No more to a nation than to an individual man does spring come again; the most we can hope for is a second summer. The fountain showered as joyfully as before, but there was sleep in the drooping boughs, and the water that surged, babbled and sang and flowed in noisy and deep streams had lost something of its primal freshness; nor was the temperature of the water equable. Keats is like a hot bath, Wordsworth is tepid, Byron steams like a glass of toddy, and Coleridge is drugged with various narcotics. Shelley is the sublime exception, and in the middle of our St. Martin's summer he stands a symbol of eternal youth. The greatness of none of these poets is in dispute; it is the sudden differences which they present that remind us that the month is October; and the poets that followed them are poets of the period. There are too many rectory gardens in Tennyson for the delight of any age except the Victorian age, and we cannot think of Rossetti singing in Elizabethan times; a little perhaps in the Italian Renaissance. Swinburne is our last universal poet; Atalanta is dateless; she seems to live in the eternal woods and hills of the morning, with the music of the Pastoral Symphony. The moralizing in "Jenny"

is surely as modish as her crinoline, which advertised "dainties through the dirt;" and the Sonnets are gold and enamel, curiously inwrought ornaments, rather than the spontaneous singing coming straight out of the heart of the springtime.

In the seventies many a pretty song passed unheeded, and it was not until the nineties, until Tennyson died and Swinburne's song had grown fainter, that people began to feel the absence of a great poet in London. For eighty years there had been an unbroken line of great poets, and suddenly there was not one; a frosty silence shivered in the ear, and we were all looking through the wintry woods where the waters stood like a great white stalk in the air. Here and there a few drops trickled through the ice, and these were collected in cups of many various designs, and whoever discovered a little muddy pool raised joyful cries, and the drinkers did not perceive that it was not spring but rain water they were drinking; water stagnant in some worn places, diluted perhaps with a few tricklings from the fountain. It was circulated in flasks of old Italian design, and in common tin flasks that the soldiers use. The palate had deteriorated, and in proportion as the water was brackish and filthy it was greedily swallowed. It suited a coarsened palate, and that this should happen in England, where poetry is a national art, is as strange as if music were to die out of the German ear, and Bayreuth were to mistake the disconnected scrapings of a Hungarian band for a Prelude by Bach.

II.

Our youth began in verse, and it is in verse that England has best told the troubled throbbing of the heart and the yearnings and visions which the mind follows after. From the beginning prose went to earn a mercenary wage in the subaltern employment of facts; and it is nearly true to say that only one English prose writer has lifted prose out of its anchorage in facts, and with sails woven out of noble harmonies sailed it down the star-lit streams of dream and vision; others have done this occasionally and partially, but only one has done it continuously. Only by one has prose been considered as verse has always been considered in England, as a medium through which we may obtain dream and ecstasy, as we attain dream and ecstasy through music and painting. The mission of prose in England has always been

limited to the service of real life, whereas the mission of painting and poetry and music has always had for its object the raising of our souls out of the lethargies of real life into a supersensuous heaven where the horizons are thrown back, and the soul is conscious of nothing but itself.

But the servitude of English prose to the things of this world began in the Elizabethan time, when men's eyes did not see so clearly the things of this world as they do now, and so the early servitude of prose was a comparatively light one; and though the English essay occupies an inferior position to the poem, whether dramatic or narrative, it still holds through the genius of Pater, Landor and De Quincey, a high place in our literature—a place so high that if all our prose literature were destroyed except the works of our essayists and translators, the inferiority between English prose and English verse would probably not strike any one except the discerning critic. It is our prose fiction that brings into striking relief the inferiority of the minds of those who worked in prose to the minds of those whose work is in verse; and that English prose fiction should be the weakest part of our literature is consonant with all that has been advanced here regarding the change which came over the national temper about two hundred and fifty years ago. Prose fiction appeared in England about a hundred years after Cromwell; it was a child therefore of our middle age. Twins, I should say, were born to us, for “*Clarissa Harlowe*” and “*Tom Jones*” appeared simultaneously. But the twins differed exceedingly from each other; one threw back to the early literature; the other dictated the form which the English novel was to take down to the present day. For so far as we are aware, there exists no instance in our literature of a deviation from the “*Tom Jones*” type of novel to the “*Clarissa Harlowe*” type of novel, and to appreciate the shallowness of the tradition which has made our fiction, and the depth of the tradition which has made our poetry, we have only to understand the essential differences which divide these novels. That neither was written by a great writer does not affect the purpose of this article, which is to classify, rather than to stimulate our admiration for Fielding and for Richardson.

That there are some who cannot survive the loss of purity is the moral idea which Richardson's tale embodies. It is said of the ermine that it dies if its immaculate fur becomes stained, and

Clarissa's purity is as sacred to her; and though she has no fault to repent—if she had, the tale would be impossible—she dies because the sense of bodily purity is essential to her. The scheme at first sight seems monastic and crude, but if we look into our hearts we find it there sure enough. It is beyond reason that we should think, yet we can think, if only for a moment, that the snow is purer over which the shadow of an eagle's wings has not fallen than the snow across which the shadow has once fled. So the tale is the certain symbol of a moral idea, and symbolism is the characteristic of the literature which preceded it rather than the literature which followed it. Are not Shakespeare's Tragedies all symbols? and that the moral idea is often so deeply hidden in the work that it escapes the notice of the casual reader, that it is so deeply hidden that it escapes the observance of so acute a critic as Mr. Quiller Couch, should not deceive us. It is always there, and our appreciation of the beauty of the tale will be heightened by finding it.

On a former occasion when this important literary question was being debated in the press, I remember that Mr. Quiller Couch, to my surprise, challenged me to point to a moral idea in the *Iliad*. At the moment I was weary of the argument, and too indolent to answer him. But, surely, Helen is a symbol of man's constant pursuit of beauty, and that Homer was aware of the symbolism of his tale, can hardly be doubted. Why else should he have made the old men say when Helen passes them: "After all, she was worth it." These are not the words, but I remember a scene when a number of old men grouped on the wall see Helen passing and in a phrase equivalent to that which I have marked by inverted commas make clear the symbolism of the epic. And it is this symbolism which makes the *Iliad* the story of all human life; divest the story of its moral idea, and it will be the story for the Greeks alone; for beautiful verses written about a merely romantic episode are never immortal verses; the verbal felicities in little literature are as numerous as those in great literature, and by felicities of diction it is impossible to distinguish one from the other.

The certain sign by which we may distinguish the great from the small in literature is by asking ourselves if a story is symbolic; if it be a symbol, that is to say, if it be the outward sign of a moral idea.

III.

The publication of "*Clarissa Harlowe*" happened just before, or just after, the publication of "*Tom Jones*," and those novels suggest the last milestone of the old, and the first milestone of the new road. The old road was tragedy—that is to say, a story which symbolizes a moral idea; and the new road was comedy—that is to say, the study of the appearances of life, the habit in which man lives; and manners were chosen by England, and tragedy was chosen by France. Richardson discovered disciples in France but none in England. L'Abbé Prévost is one instance of the influence of Richardson in France, but the influence of Richardson on the French novel is not the subject of this article.

That England should choose comedy was inevitable, for England had already produced tragedy, and when once an art has been developed to the highest point in any country it declines, and then disappears from that country forever. So England paid no heed to Richardson, and with Fielding turned to manners for change and relaxation; and since Fielding the English novel has been abandoned to the notation of the manners and customs of the different classes. And so absorbed has England been in her love of the novel of manners that criticism has forgotten that all literature which relies on manners for subject-matter cannot outlive the social aspect which it describes. It cannot outlive itself; its life is the life of one generation; after that it lives the life of a ghost; it becomes the history of trivialities which have passed away. And glimmerings of this truth float about Thackeray's remark that no one since Fielding had dared to paint the portrait of a complete man. The remark is in constant use in the newspapers, the writers of the literary article quote it always approvingly, but it may be doubted if any one of these writers ever considered the remark; it is doubtful if Thackeray considered it; it is just one of those casual remarks which the public delights in, for it compromises no position, and its meaning is uncertain and vague. It is one of those remarks which save people from the trouble of thinking, of seeing to the end; it is like a pleasant cloud, it passes overhead, casting a little shadow, and the conversation can take another turn. But the time is opportune to consider the remark more severely, and the first thing that strikes us is the expression "*dared to paint*," for it would not have occurred to Thackeray to use these words if he had been speaking of a poet

or an historian, for poets and historians had not abandoned their right to set down their whole thought on paper. So the word "dared" defines Thackeray's conception of the novel as a subaltern and mercenary literary form whose province and limitations have been settled beyond further dispute. And the application of the adjective "complete" to a man's portrait seems to us to indicate a mind naturally prone to superficial thinking. Pater could not have written a portrait of a complete man, for he would have known that it is impossible to paint the complete portrait of a man; and then Fielding's portrait of "Tom Jones" is singularly incomplete. It would have seemed to Pater if he had written on the subject to be summary, and singularly on the surface, whereas Thackeray seems to have seen no more than the average man sees in the book; what struck him in reading "Tom Jones" is what strikes the casual mind. He seems to have thought that Fielding had painted the portrait of a complete man (I don't remember if the words used are "complete portrait of a man" or the "portrait of a complete man"), because Fielding had spoken openly of Tom Jones's sexual instincts. The hungry and the lustful man always seems to us the most human, but lust and hunger are not especially human qualities. The common bull terrier may be as lustful and as hungry as any man; the qualities which man does not share in equal degree with the common bull terrier are a conscience and an intelligence; and as Fielding wished to write comedy, not tragedy, he omitted all mention of a conscience. In one of the little moralities which preface the chapters the word no doubt occurs, but he omitted to make us feel that Tom Jones ever suffered from a conscience, and on the question of Tom's intelligence it is not probable that Fielding ever bestowed even a passing thought; his artistic sense led him aright and he instinctively omitted every faintest indication of these essentially human qualities in his Portrait of a Complete Man; he wisely omitted them, for he wished to write comedy, not tragedy, and psychology is not compatible with comedy.

Thackeray's remark about Tom Jones is characteristic of all his remarks: it is at once shallow and evasive, and therefore popular in the newspapers. If he had said: "Fielding's portrait is singularly incomplete, for it is comprised entirely of lust and physical courage, but as these are immortal instincts the man lives, in the shallows of animal life, it is true, but he lives," he would

have succeeded in defining the merits of Fielding's novel in words which would not have been freely quoted in the newspapers.

"Tom Jones" is drawn in such fine, bold outline that it takes as high a place in literature as the drawings of Rowlandson and Gillray in pictorial art. But this by the way. The character of the novel which it is more to our purpose to notice is Squire Western, for on him hangs the long tradition of our fiction. Squire Western is described in the mere habit of his life; from him we learn facts concerning the squirearchy of 1750—how they swore, and how they drank, and how they were immersed in sport beyond all other considerations. He is the novel of manners which, at the beginning of this century, was carried to its conclusion by Miss Austen; for consciously or unconsciously, this lady resolved to carry to its logical conclusion the novel which Fielding had indicated in "Tom Jones." The casual reader perceives no character resembling Tom Jones among her characters, and he will seek vainly for a Squire Western; the casual reader is deceived by a difference of appearance, and he will have to make an effort if he would understand why a change from the drunken squire to the demure domesticities of Mr. Woodhouse does not constitute any change of intention or principle.

Miss Austen's genius lay on the negative side, in an unfailing sense of her limitations, and on the affirmative side in a lively sense of the pathos of domestic life. Some one has called her a prose Shakespeare, and this remark has been almost as much quoted in the newspapers as Thackeray's complete man. It would be difficult to differentiate between the two remarks; they are perfect examples of the phrases which men devise as a means of escape from thought. Was it not Lord Macaulay who called Miss Austen a prose Shakespeare? Even when we have imagined Shakespeare's poetry turned into prose we are still thinking of works that are the opposite to Miss Austen's. For as has been already said, every one of Shakespeare's tragedies symbolizes a human passion, whereas the genius of Miss Austen is that no faintest trace of passion should appear. The author of this strange remark must have been merely aware of some extraordinary excellence, the exact nature of which escaped him, and it is such vague admiration that a work of art provokes in the common heart; we stop to admire, and to ponder at the power of art to awaken reverence even in the mind which fails to understand.

Still more than Fielding's, Miss Austen's genius was to confine herself to the representation of man in the habit of his life, unmoved by human passions; and it is our sense of the tragedy beneath the treacherous calm that induces us to read the three pages which she devotes to the discussion of which lady should get into the carriage first, and the endless disquisitions of an elderly gentleman on the excellencies of gruel as an evening beverage. Never is the mask dropped. If it were, though only for a moment, the mystery of the mask could never be recaptured. It is Miss Austen's plausible lying that induces us to bear with her for a little, and allows us, when we put a book of hers down, to say that her novels are as perfect as they are tedious. Miss Austen dared everything; she was far more daring than Fielding, for she dared to be tiresome, and to dare that is the surest sign of genius.

In limiting the novel of manners strictly to manners, rivalry with Miss Austen was impossible. To say less than she said was to say nothing at all. On the other side of Miss Austen, the novel of instinct and of passion—over the threshold of which Richardson had merely ventured—was beyond Thackeray's reach, so he did what his personal limitations and the circumstances of his life willed him to do, he introduced exciting events into the novel of manners. Becky Sharp is mildly melodramatic; we see her merely as we see a fly buzzing in a glass; of the workings of her mind we know nothing. In *Tom Jones*, Fielding omitted all qualities except lust and courage; Thackeray omits both from his portrait of a woman, and he does not include either a conscience or an intelligence. Being a woman, physical courage might be deemed unessential, but a sexual temperament is necessary in an adventuress, for to succeed in gallantry a natural taste for gallantry is requisite. Shakespeare no doubt had this in his mind when he conceived Cleopatra in the rhapsody of all her passion, and Mme. La Pompadour, who can speak with the certainty of experience on such a matter, writes to her friend, Madame Hudon, in terms too eighteenth-century for quotation in the nineteenth. We imagine Becky Sharp as we please, a cold or a passionate woman; and only by exterior signs do we surmise what her intimacy with Lord Steyne may have been. The narrative never reaches a higher intensity than drawing-room gossip: the bills are not paid, and his lordship calls every afternoon, etc. And the husband, who might have stood for a fine portrait of a wittol, is

rehabilitated before the admiring gaze of the Conventions when he dashes the brooches in the face of the prostrate lord. This scene has been much admired, but those who have admired it have neglected to give the reasons for their admiration; it is surely no more than one of those extraneous scenes resting on no psychological foundation, which litter the second-rate literature of the world.

The merit of "*Vanity Fair*" is in the design, in the placing of the characters, in the ingenuity with which the parts are linked together. But if we consider the quality of the mind reflected in this book, we become aware that it is at once trivial and commonplace. Fielding has been compared to Gillray and to Rowlandson. It would be difficult to show that Thackeray's merits are greater than those of Leech or Du Maurier. There is probably not a thought in the little moralities with which Fielding prefixes his chapters which Turgeneff or Balzac would have taken the trouble to write down. His reflections on life are commonplace enough, but they are not obsequious, like Thackeray's. Thackeray did not reflect the mind of the club: he identified himself with it, with the deadly mind of St. James's Street. He is spoken of as a satirist. Well, he twitted young ladies with wanting to get married, but why should they not want to get married? His general outlook on life seems to be that if their mammas would allow them to marry the young men their hearts sighed for, the last reproach that could be legitimately urged against society would be removed.

The question whether the novelist should or should not comment upon his characters is a favorite theme with the writers of the literary articles in the newspapers, and the theme is suitable for the writer's purpose, for it is just one of those literary externalities which the casual reader can understand and be interested in. Nothing he likes more than that literature should be presented to him in the light of a card trick. You shuffle this way, and count ten from the king, etc. Narrate the facts, refrain from comment. That is how a superior modern fiction is written. And so the casual reader is happily led into a vague belief that literature is progressing; that the way to write perfect fiction has perhaps been found out. If the literary writer were to explain that a story cannot be written without comment, and that if it were done it would be intolerable as Bradshaw, and that it is not

the abundance nor the paucity of comment but the amount of intellect that finds its way into the comment that matters, the excitement of the casual reader would not be nearly so intense. He is aware that his intelligence is not deep, and that it cannot be increased, so he takes refuge in the cloud, he follows the illusion, the "Wild Duck." After all, who knows? "Perhaps the trick has been discovered."

The measure of a writer's intelligence transpires as much in his characters as in his comments, and no more. He may have more faculty in one direction than in another, but the true critic is never deceived; he reads the barrenness of the writer's mind though his comments are reduced, as in Maupassant, to a few phrases, and he divines the great bulk of Flaubert's mind in a single phrase; and he reads Balzac's universal mind as well in his characters as in those multitudinous discourses, so numerous that it would be vain to attempt a summary.

Dickens, Thackeray's contemporary, was a man of a deeper and a more richly colored temperament, a man of genius, but one whose genius did not meet with circumstances favorable to an intimate and energetic development. He partakes so largely of the nature of his time that it is open to doubt he achieved any serious literature. In the end it comes to this, that the English novelist does not occupy a higher place in literature than the Italian operatic composer does in music. A story is told of Rossini which might be very well told of Dickens. Rossini had been to hear Wagner, and meeting a friend, he said, sighing, "I too was gifted, and if I had been brought up in Germany I might have written music." Rossini knew the truth; he knew that his natural gifts were of a very high order, but they were uncultivated, and he knew they would remain uncultivated because he was wanting in energy of mind. Dickens lived in a time when England had grown inaccessible to ideas, in an age in which facts alone seemed to be worth acquiring, and it is to his credit that in an honest or a simple and unsuspecting way he seems to have been aware of the materializing influences at work, that a second crystallization had begun in England. Mr. Gradgrind is not a great, clear vision of the century's end, but in a limited way Mr. Gradgrind shows that Dickens was not incapable of philosophic speculation. But a man's vision is proportioned to the light of his time, and it is impossible to imagine an English Victorian writer creating such in-

stinctive men and women as Bazaroff, Helene, Irene, or seeing his race with that clear vision with which Turgenieff saw Russia, or re-thinking all the moral and intellectual ideas of Europe with the swiftness and prolonged power of Balzac. Fettered in a tradition, bad as that which held opera back until Wagner broke it, Dickens could not look humanity full in the face and allow his soul to flow out upon the paper. The English law of fiction was that man had to be considered as a joke or a humdrum creature of habit. Dickens chose the former as Miss Austen had chosen the latter; Dickens could be incisive and poignant; he could even lift a fold of the veil, for "under the cover of laughter" half a truth may be allowed to pass, but if the instincts were forbidden, and if there were no prose examples showing how they might be utilized, landscape was free to his imagination, and it was in places that Dickens's genius found an outlet. He introduced the spiritual life of places into English fiction; Balzac had done this in "Seraphita," but in Balzac we find everything; in other writers we find this and that quality. All that is spiritual in London found expression in "Bleak House" and "The Old Curiosity Shop;" the sanctity of the English landscape rises up in the pages of "Barnaby Rudge." Dickens was a great visionary, living in a time when the soul was in eclipse; living at almost any other time, his characters would have bulked up in the tragic masses of Rembrandt's imagination.

IV.

A large part of English time is given up to the reading of novels, and the supply has always been found equal to the demand; in England novelists are as plentiful as the common rabbit, and nearly as prolific, so it will not be assumed that if I do not speak of all our distinguished writers I have not shown that English novels are made of violent and episodic incidents or of descriptions of the manners and customs of the different classes. Of Scott, Reade, Trollope and Stevenson, I do not propose to speak; I expect some assistance from my reader, who is probably acquainted with these writers better than I am; he has already run their works over in his mind, and has decided if among them there is to be found a tale symbolic of a moral idea. He has probably decided if a symbolical novel is to be found among women writers. He has decided, no doubt, wisely in his own mind, but on this point I will hazard a few remarks, for in æsthetics there are few points

more interesting to ponder than woman's inferiority to man. The average woman seems so much more intelligent than the average man. Her appreciations of a book, a picture, a symphony, are more interesting than his. The woman is at least alert and sympathetic, the man is stolidly indifferent. It is quite true that in the ordinary intercourse of life it is difficult to perceive man's superiority. It is not until the hand is laid to the work that it manifests itself. Only in the art of acting, and perhaps in that of singing, is woman the equal of man. Her poetry is as inferior to Shakespeare's or Shelley's as her music is to Beethoven, and it is as impossible to think of her writing, "The Human Comedy" as it is to think of her painting Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment" or carving the statue of Victory in the Louvre. Women have written charming poems, and painted some charming pictures, but none except perhaps Miss Austen has achieved an artistic personality; yes, and perhaps Mme. Morizot. In looking at a picture by Mme. Morizot I have often asked myself if it did not contain a grace more delicate and touching than the graces which abound in the pictures of her great brother-in-law, whose art she carried with many lovely modifications across her fan. Often I have asked myself if the poems of Christina Rossetti were not more sincere than her brother's, if the emotion in them did not come straighter from the heart than the emotions which writhe about the spiral staircases of "The House of Life." Possibly they do, but the fact remains that one achieved a poetic personality and the other did not.

It is with diffidence that I intervene in this discussion, which always provokes protest; were it possible I would write only upon subjects upon which all men are agreed, but to do so would be, to borrow a phrase from Matthew Arnold, "to lie with them in the clean straw of their intellectual habits." It has been said that woman is inferior to man because man has oppressed her in the past; that now she is free and educated she will show that she is his equal in intelligence. Educated! Again the cloud, the illusion, the "Wild Duck," anything rather than courageous thought. The reason of man's oppression of woman in the past could only be because she was his natural inferior, and what has existed for a hundred thousand years will not be altered by any system of education, however carefully devised. The mare and the stallion are nearly equal in speed, in endurance, in courage; the dog and the bitch are equal; the bull is manifestly superior to the cow in all

these qualities, and the stag is still more manifestly superior to the hind. Why these things should be is Nature's secret; and possibly the stag and the hind present as exact an image as we shall find among animals of man's relation to woman.

It would be as vain to seek a symbolic novel among women as to seek a religion. Women occupy in art exactly the same place as they do in religion; they worship very prettily the gods that men create for them. They make very good saints, and they carry our ideas very gracefully across their fans. The Brontës wrote some admirable novels, melodramatic and social, but is it necessary to point out that "*Jane Eyre*" is not a symbol of a moral idea? That "*Villette*" is charming, and that "*Wuthering Heights*" is melodramatic? George Eliot tried to think like a man, and produced admirable counterfeits of his thoughts in wax-work. So far her novels may be said to be symbolical. Are Adam Bede and Arthur and the facetious farmer's wife more living than the figures in any wax-work show? They are dumpty and doll-like, their eyes are fixed, and their skins are sallow and reddened. Maggie Tulliver seems for a moment like the embodiment of an ethical principle, but the story is interrupted by a flood, and the critic asks if the subject of the book is Maggie's temperament or the rising of the Floss. Even religion has not won the English novel from its original character; neither here nor in America has religion made a single convert from Fielding; none has had the strength to break away from the raking and hoeing in the beds of rural and urban manners and build again upon the passions. In the English novel religion is lost sight of in the desire to distinguish between Roman Catholics and Baptists, and in intention the religious novel is the same as the social novel. In England the intention is to distinguish between the baronet and the grocer; across the Atlantic to distinguish between Americans who have been to Paris and those who have stayed at home.

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I stop without having said all. England has produced the richest poetical literature in the world, and in Shakespeare, in Milton, in Shelley, in Wordsworth she will find her true immortality. Her empire will pass away and be forgotten like the Babylonian and the Persian, for the heart only remembers ideas and dreams.

GEORGE MOORE.

WHY BRITISH WORKMEN CONDEMN THE WAR.

BY F. MADDISON, M. P.

DURING the last few months, and especially in the course of the recent debate in the House of Commons, much has been said about the feeling of the British people with regard to the war now raging in South Africa. With the exception of Ireland, where open sympathy with the Boers has been expressed, and endorsed by the overwhelming majority of the Irish nation, it has been claimed by Ministers, and to some extent by the Opposition also, that the Empire is absolutely united in the determination to crush the two Dutch Republics. The supremacy of the Briton over the Boer is now presented as the one sole issue, and this policy, it is declared, unites every section and merges all parties into one patriotic whole. Newspapers support this view in leading articles written to suit the occasion, while column after column of descriptive accounts of "the call to arms" of the volunteers leaves the impression that in mansion and cottage alike the war is the one absorbing topic, and to go to the front the ruling passion. This is the picture painted by the Government and their allies in the press and elsewhere. Does it faithfully represent the facts—is it true to life? The purpose of this article is to examine its accuracy so far as the work-people of the United Kingdom are concerned, and to see what is their attitude to the war and the ultimate settlement which will follow.

First, then, how has the terrible struggle in South Africa affected the masses of the people? This question may perhaps best be answered by saying that they have as yet barely realized the actual situation. When war was proclaimed it caused none of those sensations which the yellow press tried to work up, and even to-day there is an absence of anything approaching excitement. That natural calmness which has won the admiration of hostile Continental critics is displayed to the full by the work-people of

the country, but candor compels me to say that it is due to some considerable extent to their slackness in following public events, never more marked than during this last five years. But, of course, the serious reverses to our arms have had the effect of quickening the interest in the war, and just in proportion as this awakening has developed, all traces of jingoism, which feeds on ignorance, have passed away. But, as a matter of fact, among what may be called the regular body of workers there has never existed anything which could fairly be termed enthusiasm, much less any mad frenzy for predominance and conquest. The Government apologists are on safe ground when they appeal to the workman's pride of race by eulogizing the dauntless bravery of his brothers who are fighting and dying for a cause he does not understand, but associates with his country. He will listen to nothing which seeks to weaken the military arm in its effort to strike a successful blow against an enemy in possession of British territory. However wrong Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy may have been, and even if you convince him that President Krüger's ultimatum only forestalled our own by a few days, you will not shift the average British workman from his position—that so long as an inch of Natal or Cape Colony is held by the Boers there cannot and should not be peace. That this is the attitude of the working classes as a whole seems to me to be indisputable.

But even this resolute determination has not made the people jingoes, nor does it justify the assertion that the Government's policy finds universal endorsement. So far, even in free England, it has not been an easy matter to secure the opportunity to publicly examine the causes which led to the war. Under the plea of patriotism, the whole Tory and most of the Liberal press have held up criticism of the Government's diplomacy as only one remove from treason. To speak while negotiations were proceeding was characterized as playing into the hands of the Boers and embarrassing the Colonial Secretary, and to say that the war might have been avoided after it had begun is to be immediately dubbed a pro-Boer, while a reference to any other settlement than one of annexation pure and simple stamps you at once as an avowed enemy of your country. This is the kind of political atmosphere which has been created by the war party, and it is not one calculated to stimulate thought and inquiry. Under such circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that large numbers of

workmen have mistaken the dictum of a Minister for truth, and thought that patriotism demanded of them the surrender of judgment and conscience at the bidding of some statesman who had outraged both. It may be frankly admitted that the constant beating of the war-drum has for the moment caught the ear of the crowd, and at election times they are most useful. But the crowd does not ultimately govern. Experience shows that what is called working-class opinion in England is not obtained by a counting of heads, but by collective expressions from organized bodies. Thus we are said, and rightly, to be the stronghold of trade unionism, and yet only about one in every five of the male population is a member of a trade union. But that minority, even when less powerful, has inspired and given shape to industrial legislation. Nor has it done this contrary to the general desire of the majority. Outside the sphere of organized labor, but in close touch with it, is a large number of workmen, the agricultural laborers forming the chief group. For my immediate purpose these may be included in one section. Both have sufficient cohesion on the one hand and distinctive individuality on the other to be able to form a volume of public opinion capable of being analyzed and labelled. But these do not exhaust the divisions of the working classes. There is the unattached—not merely those who do not form part of any definite organization, but who lack any of those distinguishing features necessary to give them a distinctive place in public opinion. These do not argue about right or wrong. They simply accept the dogma that whoever is against the Government cannot be for his country. But this can no more be regarded as working-class opinion than that of any other section. To obtain what is likely to be the enduring verdict of British workmen, we must go to the accredited mediums by which it is invariably conveyed.

One of the most important of these organs of industrial opinion is the Trade Union Congress. This body fights shy of anything of the nature of party politics, and, as the war comes within that category to some extent, there was hesitation to allow it to be introduced. In the end, a resolution was carried protesting against asserting the British demands by force. Much of the value of this pronouncement was lost on account of the debate taking place when so few delegates were present. This was not the fault of Mr. W. C. Steadman, M. P., who moved the motion, and there is little doubt that a still better

result would have been obtained if the discussion had taken place earlier. Then the London Trades Council, the mouthpiece of the organized workers, skilled and unskilled, of the metropolis, where jingoism always begins first and ends last, has ranged itself on the side of peace. But in many respects there is no better test of organized working-class opinion on a political question like the war than the attitude of the labor members of the House of Commons. They are all trade unionists, but have no definite organization in Parliament. Each pursues his own course, and therefore they cannot be accused of acting together like machine politicians. Further, they represent various schools of thought. There is Mr. Thomas Burt, a Radical, who declines to adopt the special badge of labor, while Mr. John Burns calls himself a Socialist, and does not act officially with the Liberal party. Mr. B. Pickard is the uncompromising advocate of State-regulated hours of labor in mines, which Mr. John Wilson as resolutely opposes. Side by side are Mr. C. Fenwick and Mr. S. Woods, the latter having beaten the former for the post of Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress. Without any party ties or any arranged action, every workman member of the House of Commons, with one solitary exception, condemns the policy which led to the war, and has marked this disapproval by his vote. This solidarity is significant, and to many of us is the sure indication of the ultimate verdict of the democracy.

It may be worth while examining the ground of this opposition to the war policy, which is common to the entire body of working-class opponents. To begin with, they are not pro-Boers. These Dutch farmers are regarded as reactionaries—Tories, in fact, of the old school—and it is felt that it was inevitable that the new conditions resulting from the mining industry should cause trouble. Therefore, the Uitlanders' grievances have not been denied, but the British workman fails to see why the doctrine of patience, so persistently preached to him during this century, while he has been agitating for reforms, many of which are still denied him, should not be applied to the gold seekers of the Transvaal, especially as they were foreigners in an independent State. Take the question of the franchise which was selected by Sir Alfred Milner, with the approval of Mr. Chamberlain, as the test reform. These Uitlanders, many of whom were not British, have only endured their disabilities for some ten years. This seems to work-

men in England a very short period in the history of reform. Why, they remember that it was not until 1832 that any attempt was made to enfranchise the people, and that what is called the great Reform Bill left untouched entirely the masses of the population. It was this bitter disappointment that gave strength to, if it did not originate, the Chartist movement. The work-people had not to wait ten years only for the next step in the widening of the franchise, but thirty-five years, the interval being filled in with much suffering and persecution of the men who led the agitation for popular representation. And then, when the artisans of the towns did obtain the vote, it was so hampered with conditions as to make it largely inoperative. But the bill then passed left some two millions of Uitlanders in the country districts, who were for all practical purposes as much outside the commonwealth as though they had been aliens. Again a weary period of waiting followed, and it was some seventeen years before the agricultural laborer and other workers were admitted to the franchise. What adds to the irony of the situation is the fact that the very statesmen who are so zealous for the enfranchisement of the Uitlanders of a foreign country bitterly opposed the endowment of their own countrymen with the full rights of citizenship. But even now, after a century's agitation, manhood suffrage has yet to be gained, and our registration laws are designed to make it difficult for poor men to secure their votes. By the present system, many of those entitled to be on the register cannot get their names inserted, and, for a variety of reasons, not applicable to other sections of the community, it is calculated that there are no less than two millions of workmen who are excluded from the franchise. It is in this way that the working-class leaders look at the demand of the Uitlanders in the Transvaal. They do not blame them for seeking political power; nay, they are with them in their attempt to secure it. But they strongly object to assist them with the military forces of the nation to become citizens of another country, thereby renouncing their own nationality. In all the grievances set forth by the Uitlanders, workmen fail to find any which time would not have certainly remedied, and that at no distant period. They have waited for generations for reforms of the most equitable kind, and for some they still wait. Why, then, should South African millionaires not be called upon to exercise that patience preached so long as a cardinal virtue by the ruling classes in

England? This represents the attitude of organized working-class opinion to the alleged wrongs of the Uitlanders.

But it is not the details of diplomacy nor high questions of international law which appeal with much force to the democracy. These are shrouded in mysterious language, though the independence of the South African Republic stands out clear through all the fogs generated by the endless discussions in and out of Parliament. The appeal of Mr. Chamberlain to President Krüger to spare the lives of the principal actors in the Raid settles once for all in the minds of plain men the internal independence of the Transvaal. These things, however, do not go to the root of the mischief. The war is regarded as the outcome of a capitalist conspiracy. This is the conviction which shapes the action of the working-class leaders. Mr. John Burns voiced it in his able speech in the House of Commons, and it is shared by Radical and Socialist alike. They believe that it was not a desire for political power, but for Stock Exchange purposes, that the agitation against the Boer Government was started. For this view the Rhodesian capitalists are responsible. They have made it plain that to them the war has a commercial value. Mr. Hays Hammond, the engineer of the Consolidated Gold Fields Company of South Africa, estimates that the companies on the Rand will add two and a quarter millions annually to their dividend, his own company netting over a million of this extra profit. If this result is to be obtained from improved government, all well and good, and no reasonable man would object; but the source from which these increased dividends are to come is made clear. This same Mr. Hays Hammond, addressing the Consolidated shareholders, used these words:

"With good government there should be an abundance of labor, and with an abundance of labor there will be no difficulty in cutting down wages, because it is preposterous to pay a Kafir the present wages. He would be quite as well satisfied—in fact, he would work longer—if you gave him half the amount."

To the British workman this is not pleasant reading. He does not like to think that the veldt has been dyed red to make it easier for a small clique of capitalists, in which the German Jew is conspicuous, to grow rich at the expense of the wretched Kafirs. But how is the native to be exploited? This is not left in doubt. Mr. Albu, a leading Johannesburg capitalist, gave evidence before

the Transvaal Industrial Commission, and he was asked this question: "Is it in the control of the mining industry to regulate the wages of Kafirs?" His reply was conclusive: "To a great extent it is, provided that the Government assists us in bringing labor to this market." The Boer Government would not make itself a labor master to the capitalists, but would insist upon an eight-hour day in the mines, forbid Sunday labor, and would not allow the compound system to be set up. Franchise was as nothing to this unpardonable offense of the Boers. To these high-minded patriots Kimberley, with its overworked and low-paid black labor, and its state of semi-slavery, whereby the Kafir belongs to his employer during the whole of his contract period, is the paradise of their hopes, and the war may realize them. To the British democracy, such objects are altogether alien to the principles of liberty, but that is not all. The capitalists of South Africa have as little respect for white labor as black. They have not even a color pride—nothing but a passion for profit. This is how an Uitlander put it in the columns of the *Mining World*:

"White wages have not been reduced in the past, because the Uitlanders desired to work together for political salvation, and any attack upon the white laborer's pay would have caused a split in the ranks. However, when new conditions prevail, white wages must come down."

This lacks nothing in frankness, whatever one may think of its morality. In face of such avowed objects as these, is it strange that workmen in England are not at all anxious to see those "new conditions" brought about? They will be scarcely sufficient compensation for the awful loss of life and treasure of this war. If it has to be Krüger or Rhodes, British Trade Unionists prefer the old Dutchman, with all his faults, who, at any rate, is a better friend of white labor than the millionaires in a hurry to be rich, who reduce everything to the level of dividends. This is not the blind, class-war feeling indulged in by the State Socialist, nor hostility of the employed to the employer, but a deep-seated distrust and dislike of the international financier, often the enemy of the honest trader. To the representatives of labor the trail of these Shylocks of a gambling commercialism is apparent right through the devious tracks which led to the war.

In spite of the ease with which democracies can be misled by a false cry, the history of this century is a splendid tribute to the chivalry and unerring judgment of the masses of the British people, when once they realize what the issues of a great struggle be-

tween nations really mean. In the fight for Italian unity waged by Mazzini and Garibaldi, and in the heroic efforts of the Hungarian patriot, Kossuth, the heart of the democracy beat true to their cause. When the governing classes cast their influence on the side of the Southern States of America, it was workmen like Mr. W. R. Cremer and other prominent labor leaders who ranged behind Mr. John Bright the force of working-class opinion. It was there, too, on behalf of the suffering Armenians, and the spectacle of gallant little Greece throwing herself against the savage power of Turkey fired the imagination of the people. Those so-called Imperialists who can justify war to secure political reforms in a foreign State, would not risk anything to protect helpless men, women and children, for whom we had undertaken treaty obligations. For war to take permanent hold of the people, it must be for higher things than anything sought in the conflict with the two Dutch Republics. Indeed, if it rested with the democracy in England, so far as its mind can be ascertained, the resort to the sword would be a thing of the past. International arbitration as a practical proposal came from the working classes, and their leaders advocated it when the wise and eminent ones treated it as a pious opinion and its advocates as mere visionaries who were simple enough to believe in the Christianity that other people professed as a creed. It was Mr. Cremer who, in 1893, moved in the House of Commons a resolution in favor of a treaty of arbitration with the United States of America, which was carried without opposition, after Mr. Gladstone had given it his approval. That was followed by a petition to the United States Senate, which contained over 7,000 signatures of representative workmen, all of whom held some office in an organization. A similar one was presented to Lord Salisbury, to which were appended over 5,000 signatures. These documents prove in themselves how strong is the movement for international peace in the ranks of organized labor.

It is not merely that war is regarded as a barbarous method of settling disputes and a cruel waste of precious human life and treasure. It is all that, and men are beginning to question either its utility or morality. But the real fear is not so much what war costs in blood and extra taxation as the militarism it sets up. Already, the strain on our resources caused by the campaign in South Africa has begun to clothe with flesh those shadowy hints at con-

scription which have occasionally of late been thrown out. It is surely a dear price to pay for adding two republics to the Empire, even though it does increase the profits of gold mining from fifteen to forty-five per cent. Besides, the working classes have begun to doubt the "markets" policy of Mr. Chamberlain, and well they may. As the *Financial Reformer* showed some few months ago, this inflated Imperialism does not pay. From 1879 to 1894 the naval and military expenditure was £138,070,000; from 1893 to 1898 it rose to £187,058,000, the difference between these two periods of five years being an increase of £48,988,000 during the latter term. With the exports of British produce to all our colonies and possessions, it was just the reverse. Thus, from 1879 to 1884 the exports amounted to £403,799,000, while from 1893 to 1898 the total fell to £391,225,000, a decrease of £12,574,000. These figures do not make up a good balance sheet, and men now realize the hard fact that British trade in the main is done much nearer home, and that we had better pay more attention to our industrial equipment. The real battle of the future will be in the workshop, and it is technical education, not military service, which will give us our supremacy over Continental and American competitors. This is how the workers reason, and it leads them to fear the spread of militarism. So long as the Government encourages the idea that the Empire is in danger, conscription will excite little concern, but the moment it is put forward as a serious proposal the work people of the country will not hesitate in their resistance to it.

Militarism is an evil spirit not confined to the barrack-room; it creeps into the school and the workshop. Compulsory military service would change the old order of things, and would deaden that sense of self-sufficiency which has been the glory and strength of British workmen. They are willing to defend their island home, but that does not need conscription. But they do not bow down before the Imperial idea or indulge in visions of British supremacy regardless of the cost. To them England, not India, is the centre of empire, and, while by no means parochial in their outlook, they count it dear to add to the burden of the nation by imposing conscription on its sons for the sake of additional territory. Consolidation, not expansion, represents the democratic idea of Imperial policy. When Lord Salisbury declared that, in prosecuting this war in South Africa, England sought neither land

nor gold, he did much to disarm working-class criticism, but that wholesome doctrine has now been openly repudiated. The wiping out of the two Republics is now the Governmental dogma, and it is not one likely to find favor with the democracy. Though few workmen are pro-Boers, the courage the Boers have displayed and the tenacity with which they fight for their independence has won general admiration for a foe so worthy as these Dutchmen. It only needs the Government to push the conquest of the Republics to the extreme to make a goodly company of pro-Boers. Not long since, a well-known Trade Union leader declared to me that, so strongly did he feel our conduct to be unjust in this war, if he were unmarried he would attempt to join the armies of the Republics.

With a deep conviction that the gold mines are the source of all the trouble, and that the desire to make the Rhodesians supreme in the Transvaal was the most powerful motive behind the capitalist agitation, there is a rising volume of organized working class opinion in the United Kingdom against the war. The fact that President Krüger technically commenced hostilities, and that so far we have only been engaged in an attempt to repel the invaders, undoubtedly stills the voice of criticism. But this must not be mistaken for an endorsement of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy, nor as an indication that the democracy will look on indifferently while the all too few republics of the world are made less by two.

F. MADDISON.

OUR EUROPEAN TRADE.

BY ROBERT P. PORTER, SPECIAL COMMISSIONER FOR THE UNITED STATES TO CUBA AND PUERTO RICO.

THE United States, at the close of the nineteenth century, is undergoing a change from an agricultural and raw-material producing state to an industrial state. So long as we furnished Europe food and raw material to be converted into highly manufactured articles and to be resold to us and the other markets of the world at a profit, there was little friction in commercial relations. Balances, in many cases, were in our favor, to be sure, but what did that signify when the wheat, corn, flour, cattle, cotton, leather, oil, wood, tobacco, copper and other articles of export were all converted by European labor into something more valuable, and became a source of wealth to the countries purchasing the goods? Our commercial treaties are ancient and a little lame in spots, our consular service not trained in commercial matters (although many of its members are efficient and creditable representatives), our diplomatic service liable to constant change, to say nothing of other defects, such, for example, as the utter lack of banking facilities in our foreign trade machinery. In spite, however, of these and kindred obstacles, we have up to the present time found little difficulty in sending the products of our strongest industries into the world's markets, especially into the European markets, which absorb nearly four-fifths of our foreign exports, and whence we draw from two-thirds to one-half of our imported merchandise. Not that we have ceased to produce for export agricultural products and raw materials. Far from it; for the year 1898 registered the high-water mark of our agricultural exports, exceeding in value \$858,000,000. Relatively speaking, therefore, our exports of agricultural products retain about the usual proportion, namely, nearly 71 per cent. of the total foreign

exports; but, actually, the exports of manufactured products have been steadily increasing, as a glance at the following table shows:

1886.....	\$136,541,978	1893.....	\$153,023,118
1887.....	136,735,105	1894.....	183,728,808
1888.....	130,300,087	1895.....	183,595,743
1889.....	138,675,507	1896.....	228,571,178
1890.....	151,102,376	1897.....	277,285,391
1891.....	163,927,315	1898.....	290,697,354
1892.....	158,510,937	1899.....	333,667,794

The considerable falling off in exports of agricultural products for 1899 has increased the percentage of manufactured products, which, without including mining and forest products and fisheries, represent nearly one-third of our exports for the last fiscal year. It is this particular phase of our foreign commerce which has attracted the attention of the European economists; and the possibilities of the United States in the great distribution of manufactured and natural products has, during the last year or two, been very earnestly discussed in London, Paris and Berlin. The above table shows an increase of over two hundred million dollars in value in exports of manufactured products since 1886. The European manufacturer looks upon this increase with alarm, and the refrain of his song is, If the United States continues to do more and more manufacturing for itself, and also to meet the products of our mills and factories in the open market, we must ultimately lose the seventy-four million of customers across the Atlantic. This is particularly the German method of argument. The German statesman sees, within the last ten years, a falling off of exports from his own country to the United States, and an increase of imports from the United States to Germany, and he becomes anxious. He attributes it to our "vigorously carried out protective system," and in some quarters, at least, proposes to meet it with more vigorous restrictions on the part of Germany. Last spring one of the ablest German statesmen actually made a speech in the Imperial Diet, the text of which was the continual decrease of the exports of agricultural products from the United States and the continual increase of the exports of manufactures. This in face of the fact that the year was the greatest in the history of this country for agricultural exports, and exceeded by over fifty million dollars the highest previous record—that of 1892. No one in the Reichstag seems to have raised the point.

The Englishman looks upon our increased exports of manufactures more philosophically, thanks God that he still has a good share of the transportation, and winds up by demonstrating to his own satisfaction that John Bull is all right anyhow. Mr. Bull was staggered just a bit last July when our export figures for the fiscal year, 1899, were published. I happened to be in London then and noted the comments of the press. The total sum of our exports, namely, \$1,227,000,000, just about equalled the exports last year from Great Britain. Practically, then, the United States export trade has now about an equal aggregate value with that of the United Kingdom; while our home market is worth, roughly speaking, twice as much as that of Great Britain. The worst feature in the problem for England is that her export trade has, excepting a recent spurt, been marked by retrogression rather than by steady progress. On the other hand, the export trade of the United States represents, as I have shown, prodigious growth, a growth showing no signs of diminution. Some of the daily newspapers seemed to see in the fact that the United States has overtaken and passed the United Kingdom as an export country, danger for British manufacture. Sir Robert Giffen, the retired statistician of the Board of Trade, is in no way disturbed. Sir Robert says there are obvious reasons why the United States should have an excess of exports. "In the first place," he contends, "the United States has to pay in exports for the share of the carriage of goods in our foreign trade which is performed by foreign ships. This is a very large figure. In recent years the proportion of the imports and exports of the United States carried in foreign ships has ranged between 75 and 80 per cent., so that the United States is a country which has to pay other nations for the carriage of its goods in the foreign trade. It may be mentioned, by the way, that the foreign country which does the carrying trade for the United States is mainly the United Kingdom." Sir Robert does not inform us how long this will continue. Not long, if the shipping bill now before Congress passes this session. "Next," so says Sir Robert, "the United States is a country which owes money in various ways to foreign nations. There is an annual stream of American visitors to Europe, and there is an American colony permanently residing in Europe, whose expenses have to be paid for. More important still, a great deal of capital has been invested in the United States

by Europeans—by English people, by Dutch people and Belgians, as well as by French and Germans, not to speak of minor nationalities of Europe. The interest on this debt has, of course, to be paid in exports, unless to the extent that, in any given period, reinvestments are made in the United States.”

In this way Great Britain’s cheery Scotch economist accounts for everything, and shows that, in the end, whichever way it comes out, England is on the top. If Great Britain, which is really our great competing rival, is happy and satisfied over what we are pleased to call our prosperity, why should we complain? Meantime we may safely assume that no obstacle will be placed in the way of pushing American commodities into England. Unlike the German economists, Sir Robert Giffen does not approve of our “vigorous protective policy,” hence no suggestion of legislation to keep out American commodities will come from that quarter. It should be remembered that over half—55 per cent., I think,* are the latest exact figures—our export trade is with England and her possessions.

Not so very long ago, when I used to discuss tariff questions with the late Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, and with that Democratic protectionist from the same State, the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, the idea was to secure protection for our metal schedule, so that we could manufacture at home the hundred million dollars’ worth of manufactures of iron and steel which we once purchased abroad. We must make our own steel rails, our own tin plate, our own nails, our own pipes, our own steel wire, they argued in those days, and in doing so give employment to American labor. I recall preparing for Mr. Randall—before the debate on the proposed Morrison Bill, reducing duties horizontally—a little table, showing how much of these and kindred commodities we at that time were buying abroad. I demonstrated to Mr. Randall that we could just as well make all these things at home, and thereby employ two hundred thousand additional laborers. Mr. Randall was not a man you could load down with a bushel basket of statistics. He was concise and to the point, and the little table in question only made one sheet of note-paper. I gave it to him in his committee room at the House of Representatives. He was busy, but he read it over two or three times and put it into his pocket. That night he sent for me to come to his house. I went there, and he said: “Porter, if these figures are

reliable—and they seem to be within the mark—I will never vote for the Morrison Bill, nor for any other bill that will cut duties on iron and steel, cotton goods, woollens, leather, chemicals, etc., until we have our home market secure.” I satisfied Mr. Randall of the reliability of my estimates, and history tells what he did with the Morrison Bill. That both Judge Kelley and Mr. Randall, and later, Major, now President, McKinley, builded better than they knew, we all must now admit. The voice of the old-time free-trader seems hushed in the presence of the marvellous changes that have taken place since Kelley and Randall and McKinley fought for the home market for American labor. If we could have injected some of the following facts into those debates as prophecies, how the free-trade leaders would have sizzled! For example, the exports of iron and steel and their manufactures increased from \$21,156,077 in 1889 to \$93,715,951 in 1899, or nearly \$72,560,000. I tabulate some of the items of these and other exports, and it will be seen they cover a wide range of manufactures:

	1889.	1899.
Steel rails.....	\$235,377	\$5,298,125
Sewing machines.....	2,247,875	3,264,344
Typewriting machines.....	No reports.	2,449,205
Shoe machinery.....	“ “	853,936
Locomotive engines.....	1,227,149	4,728,748
Electrical and unspecified machinery.....	1,924,380	1,507,610
Builders' hardware.....	1,700,390	7,842,372
Nails and spikes.....	448,146	1,864,596
Pipes and fittings.....	No reports.	5,874,228
Steel wire.....	594,616	3,891,180
Agricultural implements.....	3,623,769	12,432,197
Carriages, etc.....	3,090,521	9,860,164
Chemicals, drugs and dyes.....	5,542,753	10,995,289
Cotton manufactures.....	10,212,644	23,567,914
Leather and manufactures.....	10,747,716	23,466,985
Wool and manufactures.....	26,910,672	41,679,416

Above are included only a few of the items which, as I recall it, composed the memorandum I prepared for Mr. Randall. We are not only supplying the bulk of the home market, but we are exporting, in large and increasing quantities, the very class of goods which fifteen years ago we were purchasing abroad. Surely on this point *The Sun*, of New York, was justified in saying last August:

“The enormous increase in the exports of American manufactures during the last ten years, and more particularly during the last two years, affords a suggestion which must be heeded by all sensible and practical men—that our economic policy is working satisfactorily. So strong has this evidence appeared to Mr. William R. Grace, an old-

time 'revenue reformer' of the Cleveland school, for instance, that he now frankly announces that he is convinced of the practical error of his past theory. Under our policy of protection we have built up manufacturing industries which are now successfully competing in the markets of the world with those of foreign nations, besides supplying a constantly increasing proportion of our domestic demand."

Verily, such figures must stagger even old-time revenue reformers.

Now that our foreign commerce has reached nearly \$2,000,000,000, we can well afford to give it serious attention. It will not drift along as heretofore. Russia, while exceedingly partial to the United States in purchasing railway equipment and supplies, and machinery of all sorts which she is not prepared to make in sufficient quantities herself, is, at the same time, energetically looking after the European markets for the products of her strongest industries. Her treaty with Germany, her friendly relations with France and her recent overtures to England are all in the line of a policy which has for its basic principle the broadening of the European markets for Russian food-stuffs, petroleum oil, mineral products, wool, timber, fibres, hides and skins. The activities of Russia, which we admire so much and on which so much has lately been written, mean a necessity for greater activities on our part to retain the markets for our exports of agricultural products and of raw material, which, as I have pointed out, have not declined with the stupendous increase in our exports of manufactures. As our home market becomes less attractive to the European manufacturer he will naturally become less friendly to the United States and more willing to encourage his own Government to make commercial alliance with the great European Power which is doing so much to bring the Far East, with all its possibilities, nearer Continental Europe. Those American concerns which compete with commodities supplied also by Russia will testify to the great activity of Russian commercial interests at the present time, not only in every country of Continental Europe, but in England. Russia, for example, was able to secure a treaty with Germany, in spite of the violent opposition of the Agrarian party, which makes it impossible for Germany to increase the duty on Russian corn while the treaty lasts. This treaty also gave Russia other decided advantages in the importation of products, some of which compete with American products. While the German Government itself has been in-

clined to deal fairly with the United States, there is a very considerable element in the body politic of that country that would not hesitate to discriminate against American products, by refusing, on one pretence or another, to recognize the "most favored nation" clause—a clause which some say exists in our various treaties with the several German States, though others claim that it is absent from these treaties. For the moment, as we have seen, our trade relations with Great Britain seem to be in a satisfactory condition, while the signing of the Commercial Treaty with France places our trade with the great European Republic in a more favorable state than it has been in for many years. The most favored nation clause given us in that treaty on some special articles, together with the minimum rates on others, will keep our French trade, so long as the treaty is in force, on a satisfactory basis. The treaty will be of decided advantage, and will prevent the anxieties which have constantly arisen in the minds of American merchants, who did not know what changes might be made from time to time in the rates. These changes—that is, from minimum to maximum—it was within the power of the Ministry to make without asking for legislation, and much of our trade depended upon "ministerial courtesy," brought about by the activity and popularity of the American Ambassador at Paris. Those not within the inner circle of diplomacy can have no conception of the constant calls upon our Ambassador to plead with his French ministerial colleagues not to disturb these rates, which were liable to fluctuate with the political barometer. For example, a sudden outburst of friendship for Russia might end in granting her the minimum rates, while articles of similar character from the United States remained at the maximum until "ministerial courtesy" brought them down. However, this is, I hope, ended now.

Our trade and commercial relations with Germany are of even greater importance than those with France; for, next to the United Kingdom, our business with the Fatherland is of greater magnitude than with any other nation. In the early part of last year, when I spent six weeks in Berlin studying our trade relations with Germany, considerable anxiety was experienced by German officials as to the future of that trade, some going so far as to claim that it was getting altogether one-sided. I did not at that time think the claim reasonable, though the

figures for 1898 showed a large balance of trade in favor of the United States and against Germany. Several natural causes contributed to this result. In the first place, we had purchased an unusually small amount of sugar in 1898, because, the year preceding, we had purchased an unusually large quantity. A fact which none of our Berlin critics realized was that our imports of sugar during 1898 were the smallest in twelve years, amounting to only 2,690,000,000 pounds. Compared with the record-breaking returns for 1897, when our imports reached the high figures of 4,919,000,000 pounds, these figures show a falling off of about 2,229,000,000 pounds. From a sugar bill of nearly \$100,000,000, we dropped with a thud to a sugar bill of \$60,000,000. Germany, in common with other sugar-producing countries, shared the loss. Having the previous year enjoyed this prosperity, the complaint was unreasonable and only indulged in by the Agrarian organs. The following table shows the imports from and exports to Germany from 1889 to 1899:

	Imports from Germany into United States.	Exports to Germany from United States.
1889.....	\$81,742,546	\$68,002,594
1890.....	98,837,683	85,563,312
1891.....	97,316,383	92,795,456
1892.....	82,907,553	105,521,558
1893.....	96,210,203	83,578,988
1894.....	69,387,905	92,357,163
1895.....	81,014,065	92,053,753
1896.....	94,240,833	97,897,197
1897.....	111,210,614	125,246,088
1898.....	69,697,378	155,039,972
1899.....	84,242,745	155,772,279

Here we have a view of our German trade for eleven years. It will be noted that, while the exports to Germany remain practically the same in 1899 as in 1898, the imports from Germany into the United States have increased, roughly speaking, about \$15,000,000. This should encourage our German friends. Long before the figures were published I told them we should import more goods from Germany this year, but they said that was only a forecast and could cut no figure in the serious facts which were facing them. We imported \$8,000,000 worth more sugar this fiscal year than last, with the strong probability that the calendar year will make a better showing. The balance of trade in favor of the United States in the fiscal year 1899 was \$71,529,476, against \$85,342,594 in 1898, \$14,035,474 in 1897 and \$3,656,364 in 1896.

During the decade 1890-1899 there have been seven occasions on which the balance of trade was favorable to the United States, and three in which the balance was against us. The total imports into the United States from Germany in the decade 1890-1899 were \$885,065,402, and the total exports from the United States to Germany \$1,085,826,756, the balance of trade in favor of the United States in the full decade being \$200,761,354. This total of 800,000,000 marks is really not a serious matter to the Germans, when we consider the commodities imported. The balance of trade against England is twice this amount, or exceeding \$400,000,000 every year. England, however, is in no way disturbed. Why? Because England has learned that three-quarters of all these imports means cheap food for her factory operatives, raw material for her mills, and commodities transported in British ships to be reshipped to other countries. In fact, this balance represents a source of wealth, not a loss, as the Agrarian statesman of Germany assumes. Cut off from Germany, the supply of American cotton, of mineral oils, of fertilizers, of tobacco, of copper, of lumber, of builders' material, of turpentine, of heavy machinery, and German industries would suffer. Reduce the supply of cheap breadstuffs, lard, bacon and meats, and the people must eat more horse-flesh and black bread, paying just as much for the inferior nourishment. Three-quarters of this so-called "balance against Germany" is a balance in favor of German industries, and simply indicates that Germany is fulfilling her mission as a great industrial nation. It represents the basis of her wealth, and is in no sense a sign of decadence. A considerable portion of this "adverse balance" is altogether fictitious, and merely indicates the great prosperity of the German shipping interests of Hamburg, Bremen and other minor ports. Quantities of these goods find their way *via* German ports and German railways to Russia, Belgium, Austria-Hungary and other European countries—a source of wealth to the German Empire rather than of discouragement.

The statesmanship which would seek to destroy these conditions is antiquated and not, I am happy to say, in harmony with the broader policy mapped out by Caprivi and approved by the Emperor. In the seven treaties already made, the idea was to assist the development of commerce. Let us hope our own Government will be able to negotiate a treaty along similar lines,

and stop the commercial friction which every now and then breaks out, threatening to upset our relations with our second most important trading nation. The main object of this treaty should be similar to the main objects of the other treaties, to secure for Germany cheaply, as imports, the necessities of life and of the raw materials for industries, in return for which Germany might secure certain reciprocal reductions in duty on her exported industrial products. It may be urged that the reciprocal clause of the Dingley Tariff Law, giving the President the power to reduce the duty twenty per cent. on products entering the United States, has expired. The next Congress, being Republican, would undoubtedly extend this power for twelve months. If this were done, and a little more energy put into our negotiations, we could tie up a considerable amount of our foreign trade for several years to come. This should be done, and now is the time to do it. It should be borne in mind that, when our commercial relations with Great Britain, Germany and France are satisfactory, four-fifths of our European trade is covered, for, roughly speaking, of the \$1,250,000,000 representing our total European trade not over \$250,000,000, or one-fifth, remains to be distributed among the minor European countries.

ROBERT P. PORTER.

A FRENCH GENERAL'S DEFENSE OF THE BOERS.

BY GENERAL COUNT DU BARAIL, FORMERLY FRENCH MINISTER
OF WAR.

THE present war in the Transvaal is certainly one of the most extraordinary events of the nineteenth century, which has been so fertile in staggering and theatrical surprises.

It is indeed amazing to see this little people of the Boers (that being the name commonly given to the citizens of the South African Republics) hold out so long against powerful England. There was a general disposition to believe that the British Government had not rushed into such an undertaking without being perfectly sure of success. Had not Mr. Chamberlain solemnly declared in the House of Commons that a simple military promenade would suffice to bring to reason those factious Dutch peasants who were foolish enough to believe themselves free and independent in that African land which they had conquered at the greatest perils? Who, then, would have dared to cast doubt upon the official utterance of the fiery and adventurous Colonial Secretary, whom, however, tragic events were swift to contradict most cruelly.

Not only was it speedily discovered that much greater efforts were needed to accomplish the purpose in hand than had at first been imagined, but after four months of a terrible struggle and the most distressing reverses the question arises whether the entire strength of Great Britain can avail to overcome the stubborn resistance displayed with such heroic energy by the Boers.

The truth is, that without an army, without a budget, without arsenals, without commissary stores, without any of those scientific preparations so indispensable to a Power threatened with war, President Krüger, strong in the right and trusting in the patriotism of his valiant little people, bravely accepted the challenge of the unjust aggressor and began the fight by boldly carrying the war into the enemy's territory.

It must be acknowledged that this audacious offensive movement of the Boers was fully successful and that the first phase of the campaign was entirely in their favor. They laid siege to three places—Ladysmith, Kimberley and Mafeking—which the English generals have not yet succeeded in relieving, notwithstanding their energetic efforts and serious losses.

At this point the English Government, persisting in its policy of absorption, decided to mobilize the entire military force of England and to put her most famous generals in command of their army of invasion.

To-day Great Britain has on the African continent under the orders of her Commander-in-Chief, Lord Roberts, the most numerous army that she has raised since the wars of the First Empire.

Let us pause a moment to examine a situation which, so far, has disappointed all expectations.

One cannot help looking back and comparing the speedy termination of the Spanish-American War with the apparently insurmountable difficulties encountered by Great Britain in her unjust aggression in the Transvaal. Here we must make no mistake. The Boers were indeed the first to attack; that is to say, they boldly took the offensive, when, notwithstanding all concessions on their part, war seemed inevitable to them, as England was bent upon it; but the real aggressor was undoubtedly England, upon which the crushing weight of this responsibility will rest, whatever be the outcome of this deplorable conflict.

The Spanish-American War was undertaken by the United States without their having a standing army. They trusted in the valor and the patriotism of their hastily organized volunteers, commanded by officers most of whom were entirely unfamiliar with military art and science.

Their adversary, Spain, once the greatest military Power in the world, was brave, disciplined and commanded by experienced generals. Notwithstanding the misfortunes of their country, they were animated by martial pride and the desire to show themselves worthy of her past.

It was generally believed in Europe that the fight would be long and hotly contested, because even if the United States could command the sea with their powerful fleet, the Spaniards would prevail on land, as a matter of course, and show their ancient

superiority on the field of battle. Nobody believed, for example, that a landing could be effected in Cuba, where there was an army of more than a hundred thousand seasoned men bronzed by the tropical sun.

It turned out differently, and events soon showed the forecasts that seemed so well founded to be erroneous. I am not now speaking of the capture of Manila and the conquest of the Philippines, which were due to the American navy, but of the loss of the Island of Cuba, the loss of the Antilles which immediately followed the decisive battle of Santiago, surrendered by General Toral to the troops landed by Admiral Sampson.

These prodigious events are not yet entirely cleared up, but their principal significance lies in their moral effect.

The Spaniards had long had public opinion against them, the feeling of the people was openly hostile to them, and the valor of their army could not overcome the destructive effects of an oppressive and tyrannical government.

The true cause of the Transvaal war is iniquitous and immoral. It is iniquitous, because of the lying pretext under which England proposed to seize a country to which she had no right. It is immoral, because no honorable Government wages war for the purpose of forcibly taking possession of the wealth of a State which it covets.

To the disloyal act committed by the English Government must be added a very aggravating circumstance which is now abundantly proved and established, namely, that it was an accomplice in the filibustering expedition attempted three years ago by Dr. Jameson and the English Commissioner, Cecil Rhodes. No, "accomplice" is not the right word; I should say "promoter." It was Mr. Chamberlain who conceived this act of veritable piracy, which, fortunately, called President Krüger's attention to the machinations of the English Government, and enabled him secretly and with rare skill to take the precautions that his limited means permitted. The problem, then, was to resist an aggression which was foreseen and whose danger was not underestimated.

But what was he to do? Not to parry the blow by which the Transvaal was threatened; for President Krüger knew very well that that was impossible and that the unsatisfied covetousness of England must be glutted at all hazards—but to make greedy and insatiable England pay dearly for her unjustifiable aggression.

Prince Bismarck once said that President Krüger was one of the most skilful and remarkable statesmen he had ever met. The really extraordinary skill displayed under these ever-memorable circumstances by the respected chief of the Boer nation proves that the great German Chancellor was not mistaken when he recognized in him the most precious qualities, not merely of a statesman, but of a chief. He had nothing, and his hours for making preparations for war in the greatest secrecy were limited. He had to conceal these preparations carefully, in the first place, from the ever-watchful attention of England; for, if she should but suspect his secret, she would at once throw aside her mask and attack him suddenly; she would surprise him without defense, and then his dear country would be certain to lose its independence.

The Transvaal had no budget; she had not even a war fund. The first measure to be taken was to procure money, but how could that be done without subjecting his unfortunate people to heavy taxation? He conceived a heroic expedient, but one which might reflect on his honesty. He did not hesitate. For the good of his country he carried his devotion to the point of risking his reputation. The gold fever had extended to the Transvaal, and he daily received numerous requests for concessions from foreign mining prospectors. These he found to be a source of considerable profit. For every such concession he stipulated, as an absolute condition, that a sum of money, which he fixed at a very high figure, should be handed to him personally. With this kind of special tax, levied solely on foreigners who flocked to the Transvaal, he created what may be called a war fund, by means of which he was enabled hastily to complete his armament.

He bought the most modern and improved Creusot and Krupp guns. He engaged skilful and experienced mechanics and instructors of artillery and infantry, wherever he could find them, particularly in France and Germany. But it was not enough to make sure of the co-operation of useful auxiliaries, and to buy in Europe improved guns and abundant ammunition; the main problem was to get them all to Johannesburg or Pretoria.

England herself transported them without knowing it. The instructors and mechanics embarked under the title of professors of agriculture, as merchants, or even as miners. The guns, gun-carriages and ammunition wagons were carefully taken apart, and each piece, packed separately, was transported by British

ships as agricultural and other machinery, thus hoodwinking the unsuspecting agents of England. On its arrival, all this material was quickly put together again by the skilful mechanics who had been engaged for service in the Transvaal.

This explains the relative situations of the belligerents at the outbreak of the war. The English arrived under the impression that they would have to do only with poor, unarmed peasants, incapable of offering serious resistance. They found instead an admirable people burning with noble enthusiasm, strong in their most sacred religious faith, and resolved to carry out the famous maxim, "Conquer or die." I firmly believe that such a people, who trust God in all things, is invincible, and that the English, who now confess that it will take 250,000 men to win, will never succeed.

Nevertheless, it must be acknowledged that the world, which generally does not go to the bottom of things, but judges by appearances that are often deceitful, was greatly surprised on hearing of the first successes won by the Boers over troops belonging to an army famous for its bravery and commanded by skilful generals. In trying to explain the causes, people have wondered whether so abnormal a fact was the fault of the English generals, and whether they were unskilful or careless in applying the essential rules of the great art of war. I believe that this is an error, and that viewing the matter in this way is to grasp but a small portion of it.

Some military writers have imagined that they have discovered a science which reduces war to fixed rules, and, in a measure, to geometrical calculations. This, in my opinion, is school pedantry, which is very dangerous in its applications. There are no invariable rules in war. Everything depends on the circumstances, and the talent of the general-in-chief lies in grasping their import and in taking advantage of them.

The generals have done their best in a country with which they were somewhat unfamiliar, and in which they encountered difficulties of all kinds that they were far from expecting. I should, therefore, incline to the belief that the explanation of their failures is to be found in causes solely moral.

The English army is the only one in Europe, at the present day, that is composed only of mercenaries, recruited anywhere, but certainly not from the upper *strata* of society. It therefore

lacks homogeneity in the first place, and perhaps also what I would call the national spirit. It is a kind of contract which binds the men individually to the service, a two-sided contract binding both parties equally, and if one of the two breaks his agreement the other may consider himself absolved from his. The English soldier's devotion to duty, which is always preserved by an inflexible discipline, cannot therefore be compared to that of the Boer soldier, which is entirely spontaneous and inspired by ardent patriotism. The English officers, on the contrary, belong as a body to the upper classes of society. They are a closed circle which can never be entered by a man from the ranks. They are, as it were, set over the troops, with whom they never mingle. An officer has no relations with a common soldier. With the details of military service he does not concern himself, leaving them to the non-commissioned officers. But, on the day of battle, the officer places himself at the head of his command, and sets the example of admirable personal bravery. He, too, has the pride of his race, and is anxious to keep unstained the ancient reputation which English officers have acquired on the battle-fields of Europe; and, since the beginning of the war, he has already shed much noble blood on the free soil of the Transvaal.

This is all well enough; but does it suffice for fulfilling all the conditions required for the proper constitution of an army? What makes an army solid and powerful is the legitimate ascendancy of the officers, the daily exchange of mutual devotion, the conviction that each is useful to all, and that the chiefs are the most useful of all. In order to raise the army to the highest degree of efficiency, its component elements must possess the most essential innate or acquired warlike qualities, such as a special genius for war, solid military instruction, courage, perseverance, great power of resisting fatigue and enduring accidental privations, and finally passive obedience established by the confidence of the subordinates in their commanders. I am far from denying that the English Army possesses these essential qualities, but I firmly believe that the Boers possess them in the highest degree.

The following is an actual picture of a Boer camp, which admirably depicts the profoundly religious character of this deserving people. I find it in a letter from Colonel Villebois Mareuil, who is at the seat of war in the Transvaal:

"A Boer laager offers a contrast to a French camp in the silence and

calm of the Boer men, as compared with the rather noisy vivacity of our French soldiers. There are no bells, the service is in successive little groups from sunset to nightfall. The tent of the general, the major, or the field-cornet is used as a clubroom by any that choose to do so. The life of these commanders is to me a mystery of physical and mental endurance in the midst of continual disturbance. There are neither punishments, nor altercations, nor coercion. Everything is done freely at the required time from a sense of duty. No constraint, yet not a single reprehensible act. To understand it, we must go deeper, abandon the technical standpoint and examine the underlying moral idea.

"These laagers have a telegraph and a postal service like our modern armies, electric searchlights, improved ambulances, a commissary station which works as regularly as may be, considering the too free transportation of goods. These laagers are, above all, interesting by reason of the spirit which pervades them. They have a very high religious atmosphere, everything being referred to God, the fate of the Transvaal as well as the defence of liberty and the rights of an oppressed people. If a general is complimented, he replies: 'God has permitted it.' When a Boer is encouraged in his secret aspirations, he turns toward Heaven with eyes full of trust. And, more imperious than human passions, stronger than war, the power of prayer poured out in psalms by their victorious voices fills them with faith and hope. Their pastors are among them, living their life, helping the dying, and simple in their demeanor, although treated with peculiar respect. Around these men the world has moved on; they have remained what their fathers were two hundred years ago when they brought to this African cape their household gods and their faith. Noble, or of good descent, for the most part, they lived on their farms as in castles of former times, free and isolated, hunters and cavaliers, soldiers by inheritance, noblemen chivalrous by nature, in a manner worthy of their ancestry. It is like a restoration of the days of yore to see these quaint people stepping out into the broad light of to-day to challenge our decadent civilization. They have thrown down the gauntlet to the nation which is the most absorbed in selfish contemplation of practical materialism; and, whatever may be the outcome, they have humiliated, vanquished, outwitted her. Let Europe understand that to allow this green branch of our old and already impoverished trunk to be stripped, would be to cut off a means for her own regeneration, and to offer a new and more complete homage of servility to England and her incorrigible pretensions, who is already giving signs of her impotence and who, after her crisis of imperialism, will have to be content with more modest aims."

That is indeed the main point of the question: Will Europe allow a nation of one hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants to crush by force of arms a little people whose entire number, counting men, women and children, is hardly equal to that of the army sent to coerce them by the most improved means of destruction? Will she stand by while so inhuman and odious a national crime is being perpetrated, without raising a cry of

horror and indignation in favor of these Boers, who are so worthy of her pity and admiration? And what adds still more to the infamy of this crime against humanity is the unspeakable object for which it is committed. It is for the purpose of seizing the gold and diamond-bearing lands of the South African Republics, in the interest of the London speculators and money-brokers.

I am aware that to justify itself in the eyes of the world, which has its own opinion of such a doctrine, the English Government claims that it intends to seize the Transvaal only in the superior interest of civilization. It is for the purpose of hastening the pacific and moral conquest of the inferior populations of Central Africa, that the British Government desires to realize the great boon of a railroad connecting the Cape directly with Alexandria. The English have given themselves the reputation of a colonizing people. But to colonize the populations which are not strong enough to resist them, the English simply exterminate them, either by the sword and by fire-water, as in America, or by opium, as in the Far East, or even by famine, as they are now doing in India. For a Christian people that distributes Bibles broadcast by the hand of its missionaries in every country to which it desires to extend its influence—and there is no people on the face of the earth safe from its influence, or, rather, its cupidity—that is indeed a curious way of propagating the Word of God.

It is only necessary to glance backward and remember the origin of the conflict, to convince one's self that the unjustifiable pretensions of England rest on no other foundation than the right of the stronger.

Cape Colony was founded about the middle of the seventeenth century by the Dutch, who were joined by numerous French refugees, who fled from religious persecution and endeavored to find liberty of conscience and the right to bring up their children in the faith of their fathers.

In 1806, the fortunes of war caused this beautiful colony to fall into the greedy hands of England—who is always ready to profit by the misfortunes of others. A large portion of the population soon emigrated, to escape the tyranny of an unsupportably oppressive administration, whose first requirements were to forbid the use of the national language in the courts and in Parliament, and to enjoin the use of English in all official and public acts.

These emigrants, then known as the Boers, journeyed north-

ward and founded the Republics of the Orange River and Natal. As England claimed hegemony in South Africa, she wished to establish not merely a nominal but a real suzerainty over these young Republics, which were obliged to submit, at least apparently. But a portion of this proud population preferred to resume their wanderings, rather than submit to the domination of their insufferable neighbors. These independent people once more harnessed their oxen to their heavy carts and settled in the vast regions beyond the Vaal. From the outset they had to defend themselves against wild beasts, which abound in that country, and against the continual ambushes of the native savages.

When they had at last become the masters of the country, their love of independence and liberty led them to establish isolated farms and to devote themselves to hunting and to raising large flocks, instead of shutting themselves up in towns. These were not built until much later, and then on a small scale.

The English again interfered with their peaceful occupations, and about 1877, taking up the cause of the original owners of the soil, they obliged the Boers to recognize their protectorate, and it is a notable fact that, when they had set themselves up for protectors of the aborigines, they massacred ten thousand of them on some pretext that I do not now remember. It was at that time that the Zulu War broke out, in which our unfortunate Prince Imperial perished under such sad and mysterious circumstances.

The Boers then wanted to resume their independence and liberty. The result was a new conflict with the Cape Government, during which the troops of the latter were defeated by General Joubert, assisted by Krüger, in 1881, in a fight known as the Battle of Majuba. Negotiations became necessary, and a compromise was effected the same year, recognizing the independence of the Boers, with some reservations which disappeared in the new treaty concluded two years later.

Why, then, did England make a peaceful solution impossible by her increasing demands? The reason is that the gold question is at the bottom of it all; that the Transvaal war is but an odious financial speculation.

When the present ministry established its solidarity with the fraudulent manoeuvres of Mr. Chamberlain, it assumed a moral and real complicity with Jameson and Cecil Rhodes, from which it will never be able to exculpate itself.

Will the fate of the Transvaal be definitively settled by the terrible campaign now going on? I hope so, because I believe in the justice of God and in the righteousness of the cause defended by the Boers, who deserve the sympathy of the whole world.

The first phase of the war is undoubtedly in their favor. The English Government is making immense and unprecedented efforts to restore the fortunes of its flag. It has sent to the Transvaal all the military forces of Great Britain and of the colonies that it can spare. It has changed its commander-in-chief, and placed in charge its most noted generals.

Notwithstanding all this, I persist in my hope. How could I do otherwise, on seeing with what heroism General Cronje is fighting the English generals sent to pursue him, and with what consummate science and skill he manœuvres to escape their endeavors to surround him? But if at last he should be deserted by fortune and succumb in so disproportionate a struggle, even then all would not be lost to the Boers. The distance from Ladysmith to Pretoria is long, and the Boers will not make peace. They are resolved to rival the marvellous American War of Independence and to defend themselves with the most unconquerable energy.

And who knows but that Europe, electrified by the sight of such heroism, will then emerge from her selfish apathy, and make England understand that the trident of Neptune is not yet the sceptre of the world.

In any event, this war will not add to the glory of England, and it is not impossible that it may mark the beginning of her decline.

February 25, 1900.

DU BARAIL.

FOOD ADULTERATIONS.

BY W. E. MASON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.

THE United States of America, the greatest food-producing country in the world, is suffering from the adulteration of food products. The extent of this adulteration it is difficult to comprehend, but it grows largely, in fact almost entirely, out of excessive competition. There is hardly an article of food that has not been at some time more or less adulterated; flour, butter, cheese, tea and coffee, syrups, spices of all kinds, extracts, baking powders; and yet, notwithstanding this great adulteration of food, every manufacturer will testify that he is perfectly willing to stop the adulteration if his competitors will stop so that he can honestly compete with them.

This was especially true in the case of flour, and investigation during last session of Congress showed that very dangerous and absolutely insoluble substances were being used to adulterate flour, and it became very well known that this fact impaired the credit of American flour in foreign countries. The adulteration became so extensive that the manufacturers who would not use adulterants appealed to Congress for protection, and the law as applied to oleomargarine and filled cheese was made applicable to mixed flour. At the present time it is perfectly clear that the mixing of flour has practically stopped in the United States. This not only assists the honest manufacturer of flour, but it protects the consumer and at the same time gives us a reputation for manufacturing honest goods, and its influence has already been felt in our export trade to all the countries that buy our flour.

The Committee on Manufactures has had presented to it letters that come from at least twelve or fifteen of the large cities of the world, all of the same tenor and general effect as the following:

"London, October 12, 1899.

"Dear Sirs: Replying to yours of the 16th ultimo, with regard to the pure food law now in operation in your country, since this act was passed by Congress it has certainly restored confidence on this side, and in my opinion will materially assist your export trade.

"Yours faithfully,

W. M. MEESON,

"The 'Modern Miller,' St. Louis.

Per JOHN STANMORE."

It is a well-known fact that our meat products have had a greater demand and better sale since the Government undertook their inspection, and it is safe to say that nothing will more encourage our export trade than for the Government of the United States to have some standard fixed, to which the food products of the United States must rise before they can be sold to our own people or our customers abroad.

It is not the purpose of this article to go into details, either as to the different adulterations or as to the remedies proposed, but a general discussion may be advisable to give the reader an idea of the needs of legislation and of the legislation which is pending.

In the first place, it would seem apparent that national legislation is necessary, for the reason that different State Legislatures have different ideas as to food products and food standards. Take for illustration the subject of beers and malt liquors. Practically every manufacturer of these goods ships from one State to another. What would be satisfactory under the law of New York might not be satisfactory under the law of New Jersey. As a matter of fact, the Government tests and analyses that have lately been made by Dr. Wiley, the Chief Chemist of the Agricultural Department, at the invitation of the Senate Committee, show that the American malt liquors are actually superior as a rule to the imported malt liquors, and that in the language of Dr. Wiley, "out of the analysis of about fifty American beers, I think only two contained the least trace of a preservative, which is not the case in the imported beers."

Practically every manufacturer of this product is willing to have a Government standard fixed whereby the article shall contain at least a certain percentage of malt extracts, etc., but the reader can see at once the manifest injustice if one standard were to be fixed by the Government and the States fixed another standard. The law would lack uniformity in its application, and a practical law must be uniform.

The writer does not intend to say that the State Legislatures should not make their own pure food laws. On the contrary, every one of the laws so far has been successful (and about one-fourth of all the States have passed some pure food legislation in the last two years), and there are many subjects which the States can handle that cannot be reached by Congress for two general reasons. The law of Congress regulating the manufacture of food for consumption in the State where it is made would be a police regulation within the State and therefore void. In other words, the Congress can only pass laws regulating for police purposes the manufacture and sale of food products between the States.

This rule, of course, does not apply where the regulation of the food product is effected through the Revenue Department of the Government, as in the case of flour and butter. The violation of those laws would be a violation of the Revenue laws, whether the goods were sold in the same State or not.

There is a vast field for discussion under the head of "Sophistication"—including those articles of food which are simply cheapened by substances which are in themselves perfectly healthy, but frauds. If milk is diluted by water, the only danger to health is lack of nourishment, but it is also a fraud upon the consumer. If, however, it is preserved, as it is in some cases, by the use of acids, it becomes a menace to public health; and jellies and jams, when manufactured, as they are manufactured by the thousands of pounds, by the use of gelatine, vegetable dyes and natural acids, are simply a fraud; but when they are manufactured through dangerous acids, which have no place in the human economy, then a different rule should apply. Thousands of barrels of maple syrup and honey are sold that do not contain ten per cent. of maple syrup or honey, and yet the article known as glucose, and which is used to sophisticate goods, is regarded by the experts as a perfectly safe, healthy and nutritious food. This mixing or blending simply sells to the consumer what he did not intend to buy, but it does not endanger the public health. This is probably true of the adulteration of spices. From twenty to eighty per cent. of the ground spices and peppers, etc., that we get are made up of nutshells—certainly not a very desirable article of food, and yet the amount taken being so small it may not work a danger to public health.

Yet the fact remains that all these articles should be marked and branded for what they are, and a violation of that rule should

be punished by a national law. Every manufacturer should be compelled to put his own name and the date of manufacture on the package which contains his product.

The evidence is overwhelming that the goods which are put up in packages, bottles and cans that have been carelessly prepared, and the character of which the manufacturer is not willing to stand for, are marked and sold to the public under fancy and fictitious names. And the writer of this article will favor a law that every bit of prepared food exposed for sale must bear the name of the manufacturer so that the purchaser can see it when he buys. And further than this, the manufacturer who puts upon the market an article of food that is dangerous to public health ought not to be permitted to sell it, even though it is branded for what it is. Permitting poisons to be sold to the public, who have no time or opportunity to educate themselves as to the effect of poisons and drugs that are sold as foods, is simply legalizing a crime.

There has been a great desire on the part of the American public to eat and drink imported food products. Imported champagnes have been regarded as most desirable. The analyses and tests show that the genuine American champagnes that have been fermented in the bottle are superior to the imported. The same is true as to malt liquors. Among other reasons for this is the fact that the sterilizing process, invented by Pasteur, which is the mere heating of the beer in the bottle up to a certain degree to destroy the germ life, has been found sufficient to preserve the American product for American consumption, and the other producing countries of the world, which are very strict as to the manufacture of beers for their own people, do not demand the same rule and the same care if the beer is to be shipped here. The Pasteur process cannot be applied to the goods in casks, and it is not to be wondered at that the Government experts found more preservatives in imported than in the domestic goods.

Take coffee as an illustration. In Germany they select the good coffee and reject what are known as the dead or sour beans. The sour bean has a taste, but not a coffee taste. The sale of it is prohibited in Germany, but it is sold here in large quantities. It is called in the trade "black Jack," and it is mixed with our coffee and sold as coffee. This is but one article as illustration, but there are many others, and to-day I know of no country that is so strict in its food laws as to protect any but its own people.

Clearly the only remedy in this case is to prohibit the importation and sale of any article of food the sale of which is prohibited in the country from which it comes.

There has been a general awakening upon this subject throughout the United States in the past few years. Pure food congresses have met and public spirited men have joined a crusade in favor of pure foods. Legislation has been had in many States. Congress has passed some legislation. It is to be hoped that the agitation will continue until we have a system of laws which will absolutely prohibit the sale of dangerous and deleterious substances as foods, which will prohibit the importation of unhealthy or dishonest food products from other countries, which will compel the marking of every particular bottle, jar, can, etc., with the name of its true manufacturer and also a statement of what it is.

It is believed by those who have given the matter careful attention that then we will encourage the honest manufacturer and protect him from dishonest competition, we shall protect the consumer, who will know in each instance what he is buying; we shall, by establishing a reputation for a high standard of food products, increase the demand for our goods all over the world, and also, what is more important to all, we shall raise the standard of the purity of goods that go into the human stomach, and by the use of better foods, make a better citizen.

"The destiny of the nations depends upon how they feed themselves."

WM. E. MASON.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BY PROFESSOR CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

WITH the death of John Ruskin a noble life has ended. His life was, above all, noble in being true to itself. There is a singleness and harmony in such lives which make them stand out as complete and clearly perceptible entities, dramatic types on the world's great stage, to which future ages can always turn back and learn their lesson in clear and striking examples—to be admired and followed when noble, condemned and shunned when ignoble. Ruskin was one of those men who dared to live his thoughts. “And if we should feel that there are inconsistencies in his life, these do not arise from the usual cause of such inconsistency, namely, the discrepancy or contradiction between practice and profession, between the actual course and the theory of life: when mystical, ascetic, and other-worldly preachers shine in the ball-room and speculate on the Stock Exchange; when philosophers, historians and scientists, whose vision penetrates down to the principles of all things, soars over countless ages in the history of nations, and traces the links that bind things animate and inanimate together, crouch before an ephemeral prejudice or fashion of a petty locality; and when economists and social reformers pen the gospel of socialism over oysters and champagne. If Ruskin's life appears inconsistent, the contradictions are to be sought for in his thoughts and theories.”*

But Ruskin has not merely lived his thoughts, he has expressed and perpetuated them in monumental prose; and, apart from his living personality as an example, he stands before us as the writer of thoughts, the man of letters, the philosopher and teacher. And now that death has crowned his life with victory, we are

*See p. 7, “The Work of John Ruskin, etc.,” by the present writer. New York, Harper & Bros.; London, Methuen & Co., 1894.

justified in asking: What will actually live in his life-work, when the memory of his striking personality has faded and the continuous charm of his refined genius can only be recalled by the tradition handed on from the lips of those who knew him? The stupendous versatility of the man, as reflected in his numerous works, makes an answer to this question all the more difficult—whether all his work will equally live, or, if not, what part of it; whether he will live as a writer on the theory of art, or as a critic and historian, or as a philosopher and moralist, or as a writer on social, economical and political questions, or as the founder of the art of observing nature—or chiefly as a great prose poet? Is his lasting greatness to be found in the teacher, or in the poet, or in both combined?

The difficulty which has been felt in the minds of his numerous friends and admirers with regard to the choice of his last resting-place may be permitted to serve as an illustration for the answer I would propose to the question I have raised. The choice lay between Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey and the rural churchyard of Coniston, in the very heart of the English Lakes, where Nature in all her purity and beauty reigns supreme, uncontaminated by the hand of man as he interferes with her serene peace in the endless search for material subsistence. Both these resting-places in death appear to me to indicate clearly the sphere in which Ruskin's work will gain for him immortality. He will ever live in the grateful minds and hearts of the English-speaking world, both as the greatest of prose poets and as the truest exponent of nature's beauty. This, truly, is enough for one man to have attained, for one life to have achieved.

If Milton has rightly defined poetry as "simple,* sensuous and passionate," the prose of Ruskin amply fulfils and illustrates these characteristics. It is the imparting to the human mind of the world without, as well as the world within, by means of language which should be so completely in harmony with the thing described that this very harmony becomes a thing of beauty in itself. But, more than this, the language is not only to be in complete accord with the object it conveys, but it is to respond fully to the harmony of our own feelings and passions, so that the whole

*"Simplicity" here means naturalness, appropriateness and absence of affectation. It is not found, as is so frequently supposed, in plainness, commonness of thought or diction, in the affected and unnatural choice of short Saxon words and short sentences, the inappropriate obtrusion of vernacular phrases.

emotional mood corresponds to the experiences expressed. To do this, it must possess a formal harmony of its own, a completeness and roundness in its sequence and flow which is the soul of poetic beauty in form. This beauty of form is not tied down to metre and rhyme; it also lives in the rounded period of prose, with its even balance of parts, its clear and yet not rigid division, its symmetry as well as its rhythm. This produces what is essential to all true art, namely, the unity of sequence and tone which binds the multiplicity of movement and sound into the harmony of form. The prose of Ruskin fulfils these conditions as does no other, the only exception perhaps being the Bible, from which he learned his art. Whether he describes a picture of Titian or a landscape by Turner, a Gothic cathedral or a Venetian palace, clouds or mountains, a tree, a flower or a blade of grass, we feel that, not only is his description adequate and convincing, but that the object, great or small, which he thus describes, has by its existence almost served a new purpose in that it has furnished the material for the creation of a new literary art—the prose of Ruskin. Nay, even when he is unappreciative and unjust in his disapproval, scathing and grandly vituperative in his contempt, we could not miss the beautiful form in which his passionate and, at the moment, sincere protest is couched. For he has raised us out of the sphere of theory and criticism into the domain of poetry. The balance of our mental attitude has dipped into the regions where Milton, Shelley and Keats are the ruling spirits.

Yet, even poets, who create the brilliant atmosphere of beauty, may send flashes of inspiration to illumine and penetrate to the innermost core of truth. All the more is this the case with Ruskin, who primarily and sincerely aims at truth. Still, his best work, that part of it which will last, lies in the region of poetry. The very strength of our conviction that Ruskin has gained immortality by his work in these spheres must make us mindful of not falsely attributing to him qualities and virtues which, in our belief, he does not possess.

He himself was fond of quoting Mazzini's opinion, that he was the greatest analyst in Europe. It was upon the thoroughness of his philosophical work, the validity of his theories with regard to nature, to life and to art, that he chiefly prided himself. He wished to be regarded as a thinker and a teacher, not as a writer of "fine English," or, as we should put it, as a great poet. Yet, it is

not unfrequently the case that man's estimate of what is most valuable in his own work is not borne out by the judgment of posterity.

For my part, I must state emphatically that I do not consider the influence of Ruskin's work as an "analyst" and teacher of the theory of things to have been either deep and effective in his own days, or likely to last in its influence upon the future. The thorough and systematic study of the phenomena of nature, of art and of life, from the point of view of science, which enables us to grasp the "laws" which underlie the phenomena, to detect and to fix in clear and dispassionate language what is universal and essential, as distinguished from what is individual and accidental—these have not been the achievements to which I believe in the future the work of Ruskin will maintain its claim. And I feel convinced of this, not only with regard to those portions of his work where he has ventured into the domain of the natural sciences, or philosophy or political economy; but even with regard to his writings on the theory and criticism of art. These are frequently held up as the works of the supreme master, possessing the most thorough and the deepest insight. Though his best books on this subject—notably, "Modern Painters" and the "Stones of Venice"—contain numerous passages, paragraphs, nay, chapters which give evidence of supreme insight, the most penetrating intellectual sympathy, in which the apprehension of individual facts is most clear and accurate and the grasp of the "general principles" in every region of thought seems most complete, there are wanting in his connected work, on the one hand, a systematic continuity and consistency of thought, and, on the other, that just weighing of evidence, that sobriety of mind which is required for any valid induction. This makes him a most difficult author to refute; as, for every statement criticised, some passage may be found to support the views of the critic and give these, moreover, a beauty of form to which few writers on art can lay claim. But, taken as a whole, his work is distinctly wanting in necessary sobriety of analysis.

Where he is most successful—and this is, no doubt, a most important sphere of criticism—is where there is a call upon his sympathetic imagination, where he is led to appreciate and admire. It is here, when he observes with loving sympathy the works of the great Venetian painters and architects, or the orna-

mental detail of a Northern Gothic cathedral, or the beauty of design and color in the luminous landscape of Turner, that he is at his best. At his hands we can be taught to observe more fully and justly the works that we may have passed over hastily before, and to appreciate qualities that to our uninitiated or unsympathetic eye were hitherto unrevealed. He can teach us to admire.

But we must not always follow him in accepting the reasons which he assigns for admiration, still less must we follow him blindly when he disapproves. There are whole regions of art, expressive of great and admirable peoples and periods, for which Ruskin's poetic temperament has no response and appreciation; and the reasons which he assigns for this disapproval are as fallacious as they are fundamentally unscientific. The golden rule for the reading of his critical works on art would, in my opinion, be? Follow him when he admires; shun him when he disapproves; and examine carefully for yourself when he gives a reason for either admiration or disapproval.

The besetting sin in Ruskin's work as a thinker and teacher is, it seems to me, the same weakness that we find in the intellectual and, perhaps also, in the practical and industrial life of England, namely, *amateurishness*. Though this defect arises, primarily, from the love and appreciation of the objects which one is studying, it implies nevertheless an absence of the thoroughness and schooling, a revolt against the constraint of systematic work and thought and routine. It arises from the repugnance to professionalism and the fear of pedantry; but it leads to the reign of empiricism and the lawlessness of individual effort.

In Ruskin—and his own education and life will amply account for this—it has led to intellectual isolation and self-indulgence. In writing on any subject, there is no evidence that he has ever set himself the task of ascertaining what others who have thought and written on the same subject have said and accomplished. The continuity of human effort, as it is embodied in each department of science, which ensures the handing on of the torch of truth, has never existed for him; he does not even appear to have been desirous of acquainting himself fully with the views of his intellectual peers in his own days who differed from him. He wished to think it all out for himself.

The inevitable result of such intellectual isolation is that our own thoughts obtain an undue and disproportionate value. We

have thought them out for ourselves, they are our intellectual children, and we bestow upon them all a parent's fondness. This leads to a provincialism of mind. And thus we easily slip into the kindred failing of intellectual self-indulgence, with the result that we fling down before the world thoughts which required sober and mature co-ordination within the general system of thought.

The true student cannot forego the advantages arising out of a thorough acquaintance with the best works on his subject. It is often in studying the thoughts and methods of others that we become really possessed of our own, and that they develop their intrinsic originality. On the other hand, such study may be carried too far, so as to stifle all freedom and spontaneity; learning may then supersede thought and originality. No doubt we should not wish Ruskin to have become the typical German professor, as there is no doubt that, in spite of all their shortcomings, "*Modern Painters*" and the "*Stones of Venice*" will be read by thousands when the learned works of many a writer on æsthetics and the history of art are long forgotten. But this will be not because of the actual criticism in them, not because of their scientific spirit, their philosophy or analysis; but because of the poetic insight into art which they manifest, and because of their beautiful language.

If Ruskin has not studied the thoughts of others, he has not even allowed his own thoughts to mature and to find their proper place in the general system of his subject before publishing them. He did much of his thinking in print instead of in his study; his manuscript ought to have been put by for a long time, and it would have gained much—though not in volume—from being kept. But he appears to be in love with every one of his thoughts. The result is that he revises and corrects in public his already published works: and hence we meet with frequent retractions and the candid criticism of views expressed in previous works or passages—all of which ought to have been done before they appeared in print.

This habit of intellectual self-indulgence and egotism was favored by the fatal facility and fervor of his diction, which enabled him immediately to express in perfect form, needing no alteration, the rapid thoughts or flashes of inspiration which came to him gladly like a first love and which he cherished accordingly.

On the other hand, his unfamiliarity with the work of others

and the want of critical balance and co-ordination in his own thoughts, which prevented him from seeing all sides of a question or of realizing the difference between a desirable idea and its execution in life, often produced a certain spontaneity and boldness—one might almost say, *naïveté*—in the expression of great truths. This is especially the case in his treatment of economical, social and moral questions. His powerful diction and beautiful style save such enunciations from commonplace and platitude. But his insistence upon the introduction of moral and even artistic considerations within the sphere of economics and politics, and his eloquent advocacy of their practical validity have been made by many writers from Sir Thomas More onward. The reforms of abuses in the social and moral life of the beginning of the sixteenth century in England, as advocated then, closely resembled those which Ruskin and all good people would like to see introduced in our own times. Only More was wise enough to urge them in his Utopia.

In this domain, again, the efficaciousness and influence of his views are lessened by his want of balance and moderation in expression, as well as by the one-sidedness which comes from his isolation. He shut himself up in a rural home and his own thoughts, and he could never have been in touch with the real life about him. His positive schemes and proposals thus lack the foundation of real life to give them a lasting hold upon the community; while his criticism and censure are devoid of moderation and sympathetic justice, and are all pitched in the comminatory key of the Hebrew prophets, his masters. He might have learned from the ancient Greeks, whose works he but imperfectly knew and whose genius he failed to appreciate, a little of their cardinal virtue: the love of sanity and moderation—their *Sophrosyne*. It is the fondness for prophetic preaching which runs through all his works and counteracts all healthy and noble sobriety.

Still more disturbing do these elements become when he turns to the scientific study of nature, be it geology, zoölogy or botany. His want of real preparatory study, of ordinary schooling, coupled with the inopportune intrusion of his ethical and religious bias, here lead to pronouncements which are at times childish. If he had but realized it, he would have been shocked to see that the very ethical effect of such an attitude of mind toward serious domains of study, which demand all the energies and intellectual

self-effacement of great students and great lives, is most demoralizing as regards the sense of truth—if he had but realized this, he would have been the first to condemn this manifestation of amateurishness run riot. I have on another occasion contrasted the moral effect exercised by the life-work of Charles Darwin, with its noble, almost religious, thoroughness in forming an induction, with the ready dogmatism of Carlyle and Ruskin.

From all this we turn with unalloyed pleasure to Ruskin's descriptions of nature based upon thoroughly artistic observation of her manifold forms. I have called such study by a barbarous and pedantic term, the *Phænomenology of Nature*. Of this fruitful attitude toward nature, Ruskin may almost be said to be the founder. Whatever the fondness for natural scenery among the English-speaking peoples may have been at all times, those who have read Ruskin carefully and sympathetically have turned to the clouds, the mountains and plains, the rivers and lakes, the trees, flowers and shrubs with a new power of observation, a new sense for their specific qualities, a widened and deepened appreciation and love of their every form. He has made the observation of nature a new art. Here he marks a distinct step in literature and his work will live and grow.

Hitherto, we have judged Ruskin's personality by his published work, and his works again by the standards of excellence ruling such productions in themselves. There is another point of view. We may regard him, as it were, historically, as an expression of his own times, as one of the forces which make up the intellectual current of an age.

It is here that he appears to me to be decidedly a representative figure in the intellectual movement of the latter half of the nineteenth century in England. The later Victorian era is in marked contrast—in some respects antagonism—to the earlier Victorian era. It may be called a kind of Renaissance, and it has analogies in many respects to the English Renaissance at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Like that age, it marks an effort on the side of intellectualism in its struggle with sterile and stereotyped convention and authority, coupled with effete scholasticism and low standards of living. As a reaction against the spirit of the French Revolution, and perhaps as a result of the victorious issues of the Napoleonic wars, the late Georgian and early Victorian periods developed a tone of stolid and self-satisfied conventional-

ism—Philistinism in life, in thought and in art. The reaction to which this again led in our immediate past took the form of conscious intellectualism in science, æstheticism in art and philanthropy in morals.

All these movements came into antagonism with the existing order of things. They had to struggle against the general conventionalism and conservatism of the English mind, its hatred of “new things,” of theory and thought, its sane mistrust of the doctrinaire, its deep-rooted and sincere aversion to cant and gush, with the predominance of the manly, though sometimes brutal, spirit of public-school athleticism, with the conformity of social tone in club-life, with the atmosphere of the country house and its field sports.

This spirit reigned supreme—its rule is far from having vanished in the present day—in Church and State, in the mart and in the drawing-room, nay, in the universities and the schools and museums of art.

Against this mental and moral brutality, this coarseness or stolidity, against this indifference to, or contempt of, things intellectual and artistic, there arose a phalanx of thinkers and reformers, some extreme, some moderate, reviving religion and thought, ennobling action, and proclaiming aloud the necessity to examine and to reform. They have all passed away—Stanley and Jowett, Emerson and Carlyle, Kingsley and Maurice, Darwin, Huxley, Clifford, Martineau, Matthew Arnold and Newman, George Eliot, Morris and Ruskin, the Præraphaelites, Browning and, fortunately still among us, Meredith.

In this phalanx Ruskin was a protagonist. Since the last few years, and in the immediate present, there is a lull, even a back-wave. How long will it last? Is there an Elizabethan age to follow our own?

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

ROMAN CONGREGATIONS AND MODERN THOUGHT.

BY DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART, F. R. S.

THAT marvellously learned and scrupulously impartial man, Professor Harnack, of Berlin, has shown us at how early a date the authority of the Bishop of Rome grew into importance in the nascent Catholic Church.

After all, it was very natural, as Gibbon in his wonderful history clearly pointed out, that he who occupied the Episcopal Chair of the capital of the world should grow to be regarded as the central ruler of Christendom and become inspired by that instinct and capacity for ruling and domination, which was the chief characteristic of ancient, imperial Rome.

The opportunity for aggrandizement and for the gradual transformation of a local "bishop" into a "Pope"—as we now understand that word—was amply supplied by a multitude of appeals from all sides with respect to matters of doctrine, discipline and ritual.

The Papacy soon grew to be an enviable post, if only on account of the power, wealth and luxury it conferred on the holder of that office.

Even in the days of Pope Damasus, not a few lives were lost in struggles to attain the Papal Chair, and the amiable Pagan Symmachus banteringly remarked to that bishop: "I would consent to become a Christian, if I could thereby become a Pope."

It was manifestly impossible for any man by himself to carry on more than a small portion of affairs so multitudinous.

Thus, an increasing number of trained assistants became organized, and their organization became more and more complicated (as the matters requiring attention became not only more

and more multitudinous, but also more varied in character) till they attained the condition in which they exist to-day.

At first, the parish priests and deacons of Rome, to whom were afterward added a few suburban bishops, served this function, as they do now when they have become transformed into the College of Cardinals. Each Cardinal takes his title from one such urban or suburban post—Cardinal priests, Cardinal deacons and Cardinal bishops, respectively. Thus a Cardinal need not be a priest. The well-known and much-detested Cardinal Antonelli, of Pius the Ninth's time, was not a priest.

As above implied, the whole mass of Papal assistants soon required to be divided into sets—each set devoting itself to a special kind of business. Each such set was termed a "Congregation." And the Roman Congregations now existing are, briefly, as follows:

The first and highest Congregation is that of the *Holy Office*, commonly known as the *Inquisition*. It is highest because its president, or prefect, is the Pope himself, and, at its principal sittings, he, unless it happens to be impossible, actually takes the chair. This Congregation was erected by Paul III. in 1542. There was, indeed, a so-called Inquisition and also Inquisitors, mainly Dominicans, at a much earlier date; but the organization of the present Holy Office is a Congregation of Cardinals erected as just stated, and further organized by Sixtus V.

It consists of twelve Cardinals, a judge, a counsellor and consultants selected by the Pope, who give their opinions on points submitted to them, an advocate for the defense of accused persons, and other subordinate officials.

It is a tribunal which relates only to matters of faith and morals, and it is supposed to act for the spiritual good of the accused and of the community.

The Roman Inquisition, though severe, was not intentionally cruel, though its modes of procedure naturally seem to us appalling.

Any one denounced to this tribunal was speedily arrested, but he was not told what he was accused of, nor who his accusers were, though pains were taken to find out whether an accusation might not be due to private enmity. The accused was asked to confess, and he was elaborately examined in order to elicit an avowal, or some confirmation, of the charge made against him. He could be examined under threat of torture and under torture itself—not

any fancy torments, but only two or three traditional kinds of torture carried to a fixed extent and no further. Witnesses could be arrested and examined without being told against whom they were called to testify or what the accusation was; and, if thought needful, they also could be examined under torture. The accused was provided with an advocate, but he had no power to cross-examine. If found guilty, the condemned might be sentenced to protracted or even perpetual imprisonment and to heavy fines.

Such a procedure was by no means confined to centuries long past. It remained in full force and activity at Rome down to the great French Revolution, and it was, for a time, restored after Napoleon's defeat. But in earlier ages death sentences, though infrequent, were by no means rare, as in the case of Giordano Bruno and various other obstinate or "relapsed" heretics. Any man who denied that Mary was a perfect virgin after having given birth to Christ, was reckoned a "relapsed heretic," and, as such, he could not save his life by any recantation or profession of faith. All that he could gain thereby was the privilege of being strangled before he was burnt.

In those days the Inquisition claimed the power to compel all magistrates to carry out the regulations against heretics and to swear so to act.

The second Congregation, and that concerning which the present writer has some personal experience, is called *The Sacred Congregation of the Index*. It was instituted by Pius V. in the latter part of the sixteenth century, with a Dominican friar for its secretary. It consists of such a number of Cardinals as the Pope may appoint, the head of them being termed "Prefect." There are also a number of consultors, whereof the Master of the Apostolic Palace is the chief.

The object of the Congregation was, and is, to compile as complete a list as possible of publications judged, by Church authority, to be unfit for the perusal of Catholics.

In 1616 works teaching Copernicanism, or heliocentric astronomy, were placed on the Index as being heretical.

Among other Roman Congregations is that of *Sacred Rites*, instituted by Sixtus V., toward the end of the sixteenth century, to regulate all ceremonies of worship; the veneration of relics and images, and it has to do with processes of beatification and canonization.

Then there is the *Congregation of Immunities*, instituted by Urban XIII., but this is a small affair now, when rights of asylum and clerical immunities are all but extinct. It rather deals with small matters in which Church and State may come into conflict.

Next is the *Congregation of Bishops and Regulars*, also instituted by Sixtus V., which concerns itself with the relations between monks and friars and the episcopate.

The *Congregation of Indulgences*, established by Clement IX., sees to the conditions on which indulgences are granted and is directed to avert, and correct, abuses.

Lastly, may be here mentioned the *Congregation of Propaganda*, which was instituted by Gregory XV. in 1632, to protect, regulate and promote foreign missions.

I came into collision with the Holy Office and the Sacred Congregation of the Index in the following manner:

I had long made it my business to try and effect a satisfactory reconciliation between recent science and modern culture, on the one hand, and ancient Catholic dogma and contemporary Roman Catholic teaching, on the other. The questions to which I naturally first addressed myself were those of my own department of science, biology, and especially the doctrine of Evolution. To this end I published two works, "*Genesis of Species*"* and "*Lessons from Nature*,"† which did a good deal toward effecting the object I had in view.

But, though my notions appeared to be sympathetically regarded by a large number of priests, I was attacked by others, and notably by one Murphy, in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, a journal much esteemed by not a few Catholic theologians.

Thereupon I endeavored to demonstrate,‡ by a notable example from astronomical science, how much greater the freedom of Catholics really was than they seemed to suppose.

The example I took was the never to be forgotten case of Galileo, and it was this which led me to study the nature and effects of decrees made by the Sacred Congregations of the Index and the Holy Office. In 1616 the Index made a decree condemning Copernicanism, as before stated, because it was "altogether opposed to divine Scripture;" and, in 1632, the Inquisition con-

*Macmillan & Co., 1870.

†John Murray.

‡In an article entitled "Modern Catholics and Scientific Freedom," in the *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1887.

damned the astronomer Galileo for having held a doctrine "contrary to the sacred and divine Scriptures," and he, in his abjuration, speaks of its having been declared to him by authority that his doctrine was "repugnant to Scripture."

From all this I argued, since it has now become universally acknowledged that both the Holy Office and the Index had erred in their interpretation of Scripture, Catholics had become forever free from such trammels, since one error sufficed to destroy all confidence in the absolute certainty of their future decisions.

Fairly satisfied by my success—especially since my article, though somewhat provocative, elicited no censure—I next attempted to meet a much more serious difficulty.

It was, and is, an absolute dogma of the Church that the damned are damned eternally; that from hell there is no possibility of escape, and that the two kinds of torment in the infernal prison, the torture of loss and the torture of hell-fire, will go on for ever and ever and ever!

So terrible, so revolting, a doctrine constituted for many Catholics the one great trial of their faith. Some known to me, priests as well as laity, neither could nor would believe in it; and yet to deny, or even inwardly to reject, any single dogma of the Catholic Church was, and is, simply not to be in reality a Catholic at all. The horror of this doctrine was, I knew, very much felt in the United States; as might be naturally expected from a people so rationally considerate for and tolerant of the beliefs both of their fellow citizens and of strangers.

There was small wonder that such terror should be felt for the doctrine taught by the Fathers and Saints of the Church regarding hell—SS. Cyprian, Gregory, Chrysostom, Augustine, Aquinas, etc.

Two quotations from modern writers will, I think, quite suffice. A priest known as Father Furniss thus describes the place of punishment:

"But listen to the tremendous, the horrible, uproar of millions and millions and millions of tormented creatures mad with the fury of hell. Oh! the screams of fear, the groanings of horror, the yells of rage, the cries of pain, the shouts of agony, the shrieks of despair, from millions on millions! There you have the roaring like lions, hissing like serpents, howling like dogs, and wailing like dragons; there you hear the gnashing of teeth and the fearful blasphemies of the devils. Above all, you hear the roaring of the thunders of God's anger, which shakes hell to its foundations."

The teaching of that modern Saint, St. Alphonsus Liguori, about hell, has been thus summarized:

"In hell there is a kind of horrible gloom, where the dim light only serves to reveal objects of horror—a vast expanse, overarched and searched by torrents of devouring flame, where lie in heaps the carcasses of the damned, incapable of motion from their first casting down; and as long as God shall be God, the brains within the head, the marrow within the bones, the bowels within the body, the blood within the veins, the heart within the breast, shall be searched and interpenetrated by quenchless fire. In that dim and glimmering light the senses of the damned shall each receive its own particular torture; the sight shall be appalled by the view of devils who trample upon the bodies of their victims, assuming shapes the most horrible to increase the terrors of their presence; the sense of smell shall be assailed with a stench so great that, by comparison, all earthly stench would seem jasmine or attar of roses. * * * The ears of the damned shall ever echo to the unceasing howling of the devils and of their own shrieks of despair, of agony, and of impotent rage. How painful," says St. Liguori, "to listen to the groans of a sick man, and what must be the torture to the inhabitants of hell to listen, not for an hour, a day, a week, but to the dreadful sounds which fill the air of hell forever and forever. * * * In that fiery deluge must the souls of the lost forever toss to and fro, like chips upon an ocean, but chips consubstantiated with fire."

What would seem wonderful about such writings is that their authors should think any readers would tolerate and accept such statements. Yet their very existence shows that men and women, deluded even to so great an extent, do in fact exist. What a gospel for mankind! What "good news," compared with what Paganism had to offer! But let us consider one of the most cruel of Pagan cults. Surely the Mexican god before whose image the priests cut open the breasts of living victims, in order to smear its lips with blood from their torn-out, but yet palpitating hearts, was a god of benevolence and mercy compared with the Divine Monster worshipped by St. Alphonsus Liguori! The Mexican's sufferings, after all, were short, and he was often a voluntary victim; but the God ordinary Catholic theologians would have us adore is represented as regarding with complacency torments compared with which burning alive is as nothing. For the hellish torment is to be endured by thousands of thousands of human beings, for a duration which we can only picture by millions on millions of years recurring without end.

Such a god we must refuse to worship; and, did a being of the

kind exist, we should be ethically bound, happen what might, to abhor, execrate and defy him.*

Yet such is the Divine Demon who seems to be praised and adored by Catholic Saints and Fathers, and by the common teaching of the Church.

Well might any Catholic desire to free his Church from the incubus of such teaching, could it be possible for him so to do. This I endeavored to effect by my articles entitled "Happiness in Hell," which were published in the *Nineteenth Century* in December, 1892, and in February and April, 1893.

Of course, I could not pretend to know anything more about the next world than other men. My task was limited to such a criticism of Catholic doctrine and such a statement of its terms and propositions as might show that the Church's teaching about hell, rightly understood, contains nothing which cannot be seen to accord with right reason, the highest morality and the greatest benevolence.

I will now, very briefly, state the essence of my contention.

(1.) I recalled the fact that, according to Catholic doctrine, man, at his first creation, was raised above his natural state and condition to a supernatural existence which carried with it, as a consequence, that inconceivable happiness in the next world which is technically called the "Beatific Vision;" a happiness as utterly unattainable by the mere natural man as it is impossible for a fish to live the life of a bird—or rather inconceivably more impossible, since between a natural and a supernatural mode of existence there is an infinite difference.

(2.) Man by "the Fall" descended to a mere natural existence, and so became incapable of the Beatific Vision.

(3.) The Redemption having again made a supernatural life attainable through baptism, the baptized, who did not die in a

*As some relief to the horrors above depicted, I may quote some of the quaint ideas of Father Lessius, S. J., recorded in his work "*De Perfectionibus Moribusque Divinis*" (A. D. 1620). Their perusal will demonstrate the immense gulf which has come to exist between the conceptions of his age and modern ideas. In his chapter (XX.) on the general resurrection, he describes the despatch of angels to collect the minute, scattered fragments of bodies, and treats of the bearing of cannibalism on the process. He was, in a way, a precursor of Rochefoucauld, since he described how the blessed look on at the torments of the damned and congratulate themselves "*quod tantis malis in æternum sint exempti*." He also estimates the time it takes to descend into hell and the number of miles to be traversed. He considers its size and structure, and declares it need not be so very large because the damned will neither have to stand up nor run about, but are piled up in a great heap on either burning coals or burning wood. He also describes the damned as in a pool of burning liquid sulphur, the diameter of which need not be more than 20,000 feet.

state of grave sin, would enjoy the supernatural happiness of the direct Vision of God.

(4.) No one unbaptized, or dying in grave sin—such sin putting an end to the supernatural life of the soul—could ever attain the Beatific Vision, there being no state of probation after death. Thus, all grave sinners, with all the unbaptized, must pass their eternal existence excluded from the Beatific Vision—that is, they must remain in hell for all eternity.

I then proceeded to argue that there *must* be happiness in hell, because the Church teaches that the souls of unbaptized infants live there, for all eternity, a life of the most perfect and complete *natural* happiness, though forever excluded from the supernatural mode of existence. Of this they might be forever unconscious, and, certainly, having no experience thereof, would as little desire it as a trout would desire to be a humming-bird.

I added that there were millions of savages who were probably as irresponsible as little children, and for them also a happy natural future must be in store. Next, I pointed out how many persons, from congenital defect, early bad influences, or overpowering temptation, might commit faults actually very grave, for which, however, they were but little, or not at all, responsible. To such, a just God could not apportion a miserable eternity.

If, then, there was so much happiness in hell, how could the terrible declarations of Fathers, Saints, Theologians and Preachers be justified and harmonize therewith?

To me it seemed an easy task, and I rejoiced to undertake to demonstrate that harmony, knowing how much solace and comfort it would give to many an anxious mind, possessed by terrible fear, as to the future.

Now, as I have said, the difference between supernatural and natural happiness is declared by the Church to be an infinite one. How can the real nature of such a difference be best brought home to men's minds? Our natural mode of life, our natural joys and sorrows, we have all constant experience of and can readily understand. But, as to what the Supernatural may be, we can form no conception, as we have had no experience of it; and men cannot imagine anything of which they have never had any experience. How then can its value be made most appreciable?

If a painter had to depict, as best he could, a brightness which no pigment can approach, his only resource must be to deepen the

shadows as much as his palette will permit—regretting all the time that he has no colors nearly black enough to convey, by contrast, a due appreciation of that unrepresentable brightness. Therefore, since it was utterly impossible to depict the bliss of heaven directly, it had been indirectly brought out by depicting hell as a place of all the horrors that the imagination could by any possibility gather together.

Thus it seemed to me that the objections against the Catholic doctrine of an eternal hell might be entirely obviated.

I further added that, of course, all this horrible picturing must be exclusively taken as symbolizing the *difference* between eternal bliss and its non-attainment, and not by any means as depicting the difference between hell and life on earth. To take it in that old and too generally accepted sense, would be to bring back the horrible teaching which represents God as an execrable demon.

Would my interpretation (brought forward to remove the most fatal of all objections against the Roman Catholic Church) meet with acceptance or even toleration?

By many priests, both in England and the United States, it was gladly accepted. It was declared tenable by the most learned theologian I have ever known—now a “Consultor” of the “Holy Office” and theologian to the Pope.

But many of my friends doubted the result; the editor of the *Nineteenth Century* said to me, “They will never allow that whip to be taken out of their hands.”

The Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., said that the fear of hell could not be spared as a deterrent, and I have indeed heard it said, “If there is no hell-fire, what can be the use of being good?”

I had not long to wait. The memorable year (1893) when Leo XIII. promulgated his terrible Encyclical saw my writings placed upon the Index. This process deprived them of any value they might have had. But the decree did not censure a single proposition I had put forward. As far as I knew, the act of the Congregation of the Index might merely mean that Authority thought the moment inopportune for such a publication, or that I had perhaps handled some dignitaries too roughly. I was therefore advised by my most sympathetic friends to submit, and I submitted, without, of course, unsaying a single word of what I had advanced.

I subsequently found, however, that as usual I had been secretly

denounced to the Inquisition and that all possible efforts had been made for my condemnation, without any notice being given me that I was accused, or what I was accused of, or by whom—according to the use and wont of “Roman Congregations.” This mode of procedure had long before excited the indignation of not a few English priests and laymen, and last year one of the most pious of the English laity, Mr. James Hope, a relative of the Duke of Norfolk, addressed a letter to a newspaper, in which he did not scruple to denounce vehemently such un-English modes of judicial procedure. His protest met with much sympathy among the clergy, who were nevertheless kept silent through prudence. It also came to my knowledge that a new edition of the Index had been sent forth wherein my name still found a place, or rather, had been freshly inserted. Thereupon, in August last, I wrote directly to Cardinal Steinhuber, S. J., the actual Prefect of the Congregation of the Index.

I represented to him how abhorrent to English-speaking Catholics were the modes of procedure of the Roman Congregations, and I begged him, very respectfully, to have me informed who had denounced me and what propositions of mine were found fault with; adding that if His Eminence could not, or would not, furnish me with the information I desired, I must withdraw my submission. I received a reply saying that my writings on hell had been denounced to, and censured by, the Holy Office, which had caused Cardinal Steinhuber’s Congregation to put me on the Index. No further information was vouchsafed me, so my submission was withdrawn accordingly.

I have had no further contention with any Roman Congregation, but only with Cardinal Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, the head of the Roman Catholic Church in England.

After mature reflection and many mental struggles, I had come to the conclusion that the Roman Catholic Church must tolerate a transforming process of evolution, with respect to many of its dogmas, or sink, by degrees, into an effete and insignificant body, composed of ignorant persons, a mass of women and children and a number of mentally effeminate men. I was acquainted with a not inconsiderable number of cultured English Catholics—clergy as well as laity—who were severely tried by the reactionary policy which has shown itself of late years at Rome.

One matter about which they were anxious was the attitude

toward Scripture which had been taken up at the Vatican Council, and which was made still more intolerable by that terrible Encyclical of Leo XIII., which was promulgated in 1893, and is known as "*Providentissimus Deus*." My cultured friends varied greatly in breadth of views and secret dissent from received dogma, but all agreed as to the necessity of freedom to regard the Bible from the point of view of the "higher criticism," and to declare without disguise their entire disbelief in the historical truth of large portions of it.

To my mind it was clear that, unless the infallibility of the Church could be seriously disclaimed* and the possibility of error in passed conciliar decrees allowed, the needful evolution of dogma was impossible. But if changes in the meanings of dogma could once be admitted by authority as possible, or even if the assertion that they had changed were only tolerated, an immense gain would be achieved thereby.

Convinced that such would be the case, I wrote my two articles which appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and the *Fortnightly Review*, respectively, last January.

On purpose, I made them of a startling character, so that I might be able to ascertain whether the position I, and not a few other Catholics, occupied in the Roman Church was, or was not, a tenable one—whether it was in any way possible to continue in that communion.

My effort was successful, and though I deeply regretted, and regret, this clear demonstration, through the action of Archbishop Vaughan and his advisers, that the Roman Catholic Church has thus shown itself to be essentially a *petrified* and not a *progressive* Church, I feel none the less convinced that it is better that such a fact should become distinctly known than that it should remain concealed by the subterfuges and evasions of ecclesiastics who seek to retain, and gain, adherents through a pretence of logically impossible liberalism.

The Archbishop, acting as my Ordinary, required me to subscribe a profession of faith which contained the following clause:

"In accordance with the Holy Councils of Trent and of the Vatican,

*The late Mr. Richard Simpson, a very distinguished and witty convert, endeavored to get rid of this incubus by a joke. He said the word was of a similar nature with the political term "non-intervention." As to that, he quoted Talleyrand's explanation as follows: "*Non-intervention c'est une mot politique et metaphorique qui signifie à peu près la même chose qu'intervention.*" But I do not think jokes on serious subjects can do any real good.

I receive all the books of the Old and New Testaments, with all their parts as set forth in the fourth session of the Council of Trent and contained in the ancient Latin edition of the Vulgate, as sacred and canonical, and I firmly believe and confess that the said Scriptures are sacred and canonical, not because, having been carefully composed by mere human industry, they were afterwards approved by the Church's authority, nor merely because they contain revelation with no admixture of error; but because, having been written by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they have God for their author, and have been delivered as such to the Church herself."

The books, all parts of which I was thus called on to declare had God for their author, include that of "Tobit," with its account of how Tobit and the Archangel Raphael, with the aid of the liver of a fish, overcame a homicidal demon and imprisoned him in Egypt. The fabulous second book of Maccabees is also among them, as is also the story which relates how, when Daniel was thrown a second time into the lion's den, an angel seized one Habbakuk, in Judæa, by the hair of his head, and carried him with his bowl of pottage to give it to Daniel for his dinner.

It was, of course, absolutely impossible for me, or for any other scientific man, to sign such a formula, unless it was clearly and publicly known that I should be free to reject, as errors, statements historically untrue, such as the account of the serpent and the tree, the bringing of animals to Adam to be named, the history of the Tower of Babel, that of the Deluge, and so on.

Accordingly, I wrote to my Archbishop begging him, as my Ordinary, to give me an authoritative answer whether I was, or was not, right in judging that the signing of the formula submitted to me would be equivalent to an assertion that there were no errors in the Bible, and that I could then no longer rationally and logically deny the veracity of the Biblical statements above referred to, and many others equally untrue.

It has been commonly supposed that one characteristic of the Roman Catholic Church was its distinct and definite teaching. It has also been credited with having the courage of its opinions, while being, at the same time, a tender and faithful mother to her spiritual children.

I sought in vain for the decisive reply it was plainly my Archbishop's duty to give, when appealed to as my Ordinary. He referred me to Leo XIII. and certain writers.

Now, the Pope, in his celebrated Encyclical about Scripture, after reaffirming the decrees of Trent and the Vatican, laid down

the following most unequivocal declaration about the writers of Scripture:

"By supernatural power, God so moved and impelled them to write—He was so present to them—that the things which He ordered, and those only, they, first, rightly understood, then willed faithfully to write down, and finally expressed in apt words and with infallible truth."

It would surely be impossible to use words more decisive as to the assertion by the Roman Catholic Church that God must be declared indeed the author of every statement, in every part of all the books declared by Trent "sacred and canonical."

This fact was for me decisive and I refused to sign the formula.

But it is very noteworthy that I could get no authoritative answer from my Archbishop in reply to my question. The fact was, he dared not answer it. He could not allow that God had inspired men to write falsehoods, or that the Church had (as of course it has) misled mankind as to the "Word of God" for a long succession of centuries. He could not admit that the Councils of Trent and the Vatican had erred, because he was hidebound by the doctrine of the Church's infallibility, which, as a Catholic Archbishop, he had strenuously to uphold. Neither could he venture to declare that I was bound to hold, as certainly true, all the puerile absurdities to be found between the covers of the Bible. Therefore, on this important matter of Scripture, Catholic authorities trifle with truth and "palter with us in a double sense." Most shocking of all is their utter disregard for the anxiety and distress of so many Catholics who know not what they must believe about Scripture, yet dread peril to their immortal souls if they do not believe what the Church teaches.

The most imperative task for Roman theologians to-day is so to modify the meaning of the dogma of the Church's infallibility as to render possible the admission by them that the Councils of Florence, Trent and the Vatican have erred, and that the Pope's Encyclical is to be put on one side as of absolutely no account whatever. By such a course, the way will be prepared for the play of evolution on Church dogma through the future centuries, and for the gradual construction of a Catholicity which shall embody all scientific truth and all the religious truths held by all forms of belief, including the beauties and noble precepts of the old Paganism, which were too quickly and carelessly thrown aside.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD IN THEOLOGY.

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THE recent correspondence between Professor St. George Mivart and Cardinal Vaughan concerning the Professor's recent articles on the relation of educated Roman Catholics to the Bible, marks a most significant epoch in the history of religious thought. It brings most strikingly to view the fact that the time is past when any one can serve the cause of true religion by ignoring the methods of modern science. It also makes clear and vivid the necessity of establishing our theological beliefs on just the same scientific basis as our beliefs in any other sphere of inquiry, if they are going to influence in any effective way the thought of the future.

The aim of the present paper is to set forth with clearness the principles that underlie all our beliefs, and then to show how these principles are to be applied to the particular field of investigation we now have in view.

It is customary in discussing the method of science to go back to Aristotle and treat of the subject under the two distinct heads of induction and deduction. But we now see that the two methods are not wholly independent of each other. In reality, they are frequently blended or employed alternately in the pursuit of science. It is no exaggeration to say that all the more important and extensive investigations of science rely as much upon the one as upon the other. In both, the syllogism, with its major and minor premises and conclusion, holds the foremost place. For the syllogism is not only the form of deductive reasoning, but it is the true type of all reasoning properly so called. It may not be always necessary to express an argument in the form of a syllogism, but it must always be thrown into this form when scientific accuracy is required.

While there is little or no disagreement among thinkers about the nature and place of deduction in science, there is often a great deal of controversy over the sphere and proper function of induction. This arises from the fact that the term induction may be employed in at least three different senses.

In the first place, induction may be used to designate the old Socratic method of attaining definitions. This consists simply in enumerating all the particulars of a class. It is what is sometimes called a perfect induction; and, although it is in the form of reasoning, it is not reasoning at all. All we do in such a case is to solve a simple problem in addition and state the result.

Induction, according to the second meaning given to the term, is any process of adding to our knowledge. It was Bacon's chief objection to the Aristotelian logic that its premises were all taken for granted. It could never, in his opinion, in any way increase our knowledge. He therefore asked the question, How do we obtain our knowledge, and how do we progress in it? His answer to the question was, By induction; and, as contrasted with the old method, the term took on the meaning of any process that adds anything to what we already know at any given time. But this view of induction is too broad, just as the first view is too narrow. It includes every other mode of acquiring knowledge as well as reasoning, while the first view excludes reasoning altogether.

The third and most rational definition of induction represents it as the process of thought by which we pass from particulars to generals, or from effects to their causes. It is only in this sense that it can in any way be brought into contrast with deduction, as one of the essential methods employed in the pursuit of science.

Of course, the chief preliminary step in any induction is the acquisition of the particulars, and this can only be done by the two processes of observation and experiment. But they do not form any part of induction properly so called. The mere ascertainment of facts does not make a scientist. There are a thousand workers in science to one scientist. The most exact observers and the most skilful experimenters are not, by any means, the best scientists. Quite the opposite is probably the rule. Many of the world's greatest scientists have been notoriously defective in this respect. Nevertheless, a highly developed science, in any department of knowledge, is possible only upon the basis of a large supply of carefully ascertained facts.

The great and distinctive element in all induction is the formation of the hypothesis; and there can be no inductive science formed of any sort where this is not the chief feature.

What, then, is to be understood by an hypothesis, and what is the process the mind goes through in bringing it to view? An hypothesis is a supposition, a guess, or conjecture as to what the general fact is which includes the given particular facts, or what the cause is which has brought about the given effects. The term is sometimes contrasted with the term "theory," as though the two were necessarily distinct; an hypothesis being regarded as a mere possibility, while a theory is called a verified hypothesis. But this view is largely an arbitrary one, as the terms are often used interchangeably, as when we speak indifferently of the Darwinian hypothesis or the Darwinian theory.

Much might be said about the conditions most favorable for making a good hypothesis, but the chief thing that concerns us for our present purpose is the fact that every hypothesis, however formed, is always a product of the constructive imagination. All previous acts are simply by way of gathering material for the imagination to rearrange and recombine into a new creation.

In a certain sense, the mind takes a leap into the dark. It literally passes, *per saltum*, from the realm of the known to the realm of the unknown. From all the material that the memory places at its disposal it makes a guess or conjecture as to what will best meet all the exigencies of the situation.

It is for this reason that men of science, in all realms and in all ages, have always been men of powerful imaginations. The Greeks were the first great scientists of the race, because they were far more highly endowed than any other people with great imaginative powers. What they saw excited these powers and urged them to conjecture, to reason about things, and try to explain their nature and cause. It was well said by Dr. Carpenter that "it cannot be questioned, by any one who carefully considers the subject under the light of adequate knowledge, that the creative imagination is exercised in at least as high a degree in science as it is in art or poetry. Even in the strictest of sciences—mathematics—it can easily be shown that no really great advance, such as the invention of fluxions by Newton and of the differential calculus by Leibnitz, can be made without the exercise of the imagination."

Given the hypothesis, the next step in the scientific process

is to verify it; and this is done by making the hypothesis the major premise of a deductive syllogism and noting the results. If the conclusions obtained coincide with the observed facts with which we started, the hypothesis is *probably* a correct one, and, others things being equal, may be accepted as an established truth.

From this outline of the scientific method we see that no induction can be established beyond a high degree of probability. That is, no one can ever be absolutely certain that the hypothesis he assumes is a veritable truth. All generalizations in every science thus have their logical basis in the theory of probabilities.

When Bishop Butler asserted that "probability is the very guide of life," he might have added, "and we have no other." For all our judgments of what the past has been, or the present is, or the future will be, are necessarily formed on that basis; and as we are finite creatures and can never have infinite knowledge on any of these subjects, the knowledge we do have can never be more than probable.

The truth is that every man is so constituted by nature that he can never be absolutely certain of anything outside of the facts of his own consciousness and the simple intuitions necessarily involved therein; and when he makes an assertion transcending this realm, he passes at once into the sphere of the probable.

What we know with absolute certainty is never a matter of inference. It is never the result of a process of reasoning. It is always known directly, at once, by an immediate beholding. It is easy to see, therefore, that the realm of absolute certainty is a clearly limited one, and that the realm of probability includes within itself the great body of our knowledge. I am absolutely certain that I experience sensations, that I who experience them exist, and that the sensations have a cause; but I can be only probably certain that this particular concrete object was the cause. It is exceedingly easy for the most cautious person living to be mistaken in his judgments, and to draw wrong inferences from the *data* furnished by any one or all of his senses; and he can never be absolutely certain that he draws the right one. All the wisest man in the world can do is carefully to estimate the probabilities in the case and act accordingly. To say of a thing, "I have seen it with my own eyes," is only to make its existence probable; and to obey the injunction, "Handle me and see," can give only probable knowledge.

In every discussion of this sort a clear distinction should always be made between intuitively knowing and believing. I intuitively know a thing to be true when I am absolutely certain of it; I believe a thing to be true when I fall short, however little, of such certainty. That is to say, belief is simply imperfect knowledge. It is any kind of knowledge, in any sphere, which fails, in any respect, of being absolute. No proposition, perhaps, is more familiar to a beginner in logic than the statement, "All men are mortal," but even that assertion can be to him nothing more than a matter of a high degree of probability. For he has known only a very few men in the past, and as to those who may come to exist in the future he cannot positively assert that they will possess that property. He simply believes the proposition to be true, in just the same way, and no other, as he might believe in a material heaven, or a mountain of gold, or the real existence of a centaur.

Every natural scientist, I suppose, accepts and teaches the doctrine that every particle of matter attracts every other particle directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance. But he has examined only a few of the particles; and, from the very nature of the case, he can never be certain that those he has not examined are exactly like those he has. The doctrine furnishes him with a good working hypothesis. The probabilities are very high in its favor. But all he has any right to say about it is that he believes in the law of gravitation, not that he is absolutely certain of its truthfulness.

And so it is when we come to the realm of theology. We employ the same finite powers of mind in constructing a theology as in forming a science of botany or of physics. There is no difference in the kind of knowledge we have of each, but only in the class of objects taken into consideration. And my faith in the truth or falsity of their respective doctrines, and the degree of my faith in them, should always vary with the degree of their probability.

Theology, properly understood, is the science which seeks to account for the universe from the standpoint of God. It attempts to put all the known facts together into a system around this idea. It does not draw its material from any alleged revelation alone, although the revelation, if true, will furnish some of its most important *data*. But it gathers its material from every realm of knowledge. Every new fact discovered in any quarter

of the universe increases its material, and every old supposed fact exploded diminishes it.

Now, all the facts that any man can possibly know may best be divided, for our present purpose, into two classes, internal facts and external facts. By internal facts we mean the facts of one's own consciousness, and by external facts, all else that can be mentioned. The former are certain to one, the latter merely probable. Every man who constructs a botany, or a geology, or any other science, makes it out of probable facts only. Every man who writes a history states and explains nothing of which he can be more than probably certain. How evident it is, then, that he who seeks to give unity to all the sciences, to explain the universe in which the great mass of the facts are only probable, can never attain to more than a probable solution of the problem, and can never justly ask another to accept his conclusions on any other ground than the high degree of their probability.

Great thinkers, from Thales, Plato and Moses, have had their theologies—their explanations of the origin and nature of the universe, as they understood it, and many of these explanations have been of extraordinary merit; but even St. Paul himself could never have been certain that his explanation was more than a probably true one.

Three great systems of theology are presented in the New Testament. Some prefer that of St. Paul; some find the Petrine theology more to their mind; while others adhere to that of St. John. The Apostles' Creed contains, perhaps, the sum and substance of all three; but no assertion in it transcends the realm of the probable. A brief examination of the creed itself will make this apparent. It begins with the statement, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth." Now, the existence of the Absolute back of nature and all finite being, like one's own existence, is a matter of positive certainty; but any assertion concerning the nature of that Absolute, since it is an induction from probable facts, can never be more than probable. When we say, therefore, with the creed, that God is the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, we are asserting something about the nature of the Supreme Being of which no man can be more than probably certain. The degree of confidence we are justified in having in this statement depends on the degree of its probable truthfulness.

Take, again, the statement of the creed concerning the nature and mission of Jesus: "And in Jesus Christ, His only Son, our Lord; who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary; suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried; He descended into hell; the third day He rose from the dead; He ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty; from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead."

Whether there ever existed on the earth such a person as Jesus, and what He experienced, are purely matters of historical evidence. And as everything that is a matter of evidence is a matter of probability, this must be also. We can never be absolutely certain that those who wrote His history were really acquainted with the facts of His life, or have honestly represented them, or that their testimony, after being once recorded, has not been so frequently and radically altered as to give us to-day, in some respects, an erroneous conception of the truth. Even if we regard the record as it stands as veritable history, the doctrine of the actual divinity of Jesus, that He is in reality Son of God as well as Son of man, is an induction from certain alleged facts, and can, therefore, never be established beyond all possible doubt.

The creed closes with the affirmation: "I believe in the Holy Ghost; the Holy Catholic Church; the communion of saints; the forgiveness of sins; the resurrection of the body; and the life everlasting."

The writer of this passage, from the *data* that he had before him, simply drew the conclusion that the arguments in favor of these propositions were far stronger than those against them; and, accordingly, he was ready to say concerning them, as he does say in the statement itself, "I believe"—not "I am absolutely certain of their truthfulness."

But it makes no difference to the matter in hand from what source he obtained his information. Even if we allow that every word in Scripture came directly from the lips of the Almighty, no man could ever be more than probably certain that he correctly heard the words when they were uttered, or correctly wrote them down, or correctly understood them after they were written, either by themselves or in their mutual relations. There is always room for possible doubt concerning any of these assertions; and all that

the profoundest thinker can do for them is to establish their probable truthfulness.

What we have said concerning the so-called Apostles' Creed applies with equal force and validity to every creed in Christendom and to every system of theology, however elaborately constructed or however dogmatically expressed. The most certain of their generalizations are probable, and probable only, and those who teach them are never justified in urging their acceptance upon others on any other ground. The only theology that has any basis for its existence is an inductive theology; and just as "all inductions in physical science are only probable," so they are in theological science also.

It is never necessary, in fact it is never possible, to do more for any doctrine in any department of inquiry than to show that the balance of probabilities is in its favor. When we have shown that, we have made the doctrine worthy of credence, we are entirely justified in accepting it as a truth and adopting it as a rule of conduct.

He who says of any generalization in any sphere of thought that he will not accept it as true until he is absolutely certain of it, literally does not know enough to eat when he is hungry, or to drink when he is thirsty. The conduct of an ordinary idiot would put him to the blush. As John Locke so tersely puts it, "He that will not stir until he infallibly knows that the business he goes about will succeed, will have but little else to do but to sit still and perish."

Every man, because he is a man, is endowed with powers for forming judgments, and he is placed in this world to develop and apply those powers to all the objects with which he comes in contact. In every sphere of investigation he should begin with doubt, and the student will make the most rapid progress who has acquired the art of doubting well. But doubt is simply a means to an end, not an end in itself. We begin with doubt in order that we may not end with it. To continue to doubt after the material for forming a judgment is before the mind, is a sign of weakness. The man who does so commits intellectual suicide. All you can do for him is to give him a decent burial and pass on.

We ask that every student of theology take up the subject precisely as he would any other science; that he begin with doubt, and carefully weigh the arguments for every doctrine, accepting or re-

jecting each assertion according as the balance of probabilities is for or against it. We demand that he thoroughly "test all things," and thus learn how to "hold fast that which is good."

We believe that even the teachings of Jesus should be viewed from this standpoint, and should be accepted or rejected on the ground of their inherent reasonableness. But we also firmly believe that the probabilities that He spoke the truth are so high that they can never be made any higher; that, when His doctrines concerning God and man and nature are correctly apprehended, it will clearly be seen that they fully satisfy the demands of the intellect and the cravings of the heart. And we do not regard it as at all likely that any theology of the future will have much influence over the minds of the thoughtful, that does not draw its chief and most important *data* from that source.

Superficial critics call the age in which we live an age of novel-reading and devotion to trifles; but the more thoughtful observer does not hesitate to affirm that it is unsurpassed in earnestness.

True, it is disinclined to acknowledge the supernatural. True, it is more inquiring than asserting, more doubting than believing. Yet, there probably never has been a time in our history when purely spiritual questions have been so widely and seriously discussed as at present. The creeds of the world, both Christian and un-Christian, have never before been studied with such universal interest, or criticised with such unsparing vigor.

In fact, the one pre-eminent demand of the present hour is a truly scientific theology—not a Chinese nor a Roman nor an Anglican theology, not a Baptist nor a Methodist nor a Presbyterian theology, not a Mosaic nor exclusively a Pauline theology, but a theology so cautiously constructed as to exclude all fiction, and so profound and comprehensive in its teachings as to include all the facts.

But this imperative need of the age will never be satisfied until every student of the subject clearly recognizes the fact, and constantly applies it, that in theology, as in every other department of knowledge, all generalizations are matters of a high or a low degree of probability, to be accepted or rejected according as the balance of probabilities is for or against them; and that the degree of confidence we should have in such generalizations is to be determined by the degree of their probable truthfulness.

This position, it may be said, requires that all our theological

opinions should be very largely regarded as products of faith. We admit it at once, and we reply that this is true of all opinions. Faith lies at the basis of every science. So far from faith commencing where science ends, "there could no more be science without faith than there could be extension without space."

What Professor Rice has so fittingly said in his "Twenty-five Years of Scientific Progress" about the physical sciences applies with equal relevancy here: "From the clear recognition of the extremely narrow limits within which certitude is attainable, we may learn the rationality and wisdom of acting upon beliefs which are probable, and acting with an earnestness proportionate to the importance of the interest involved. We may learn to walk by faith more steadily by perceiving that, in this universe in which we live, only he who is willing to walk by faith can walk at all."

FRANK SARGENT HOFFMAN.

AFTER ORTHODOXY—WHAT?

BY THE REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D.

SOME years ago I wrote an article, which was published in this REVIEW, entitled "The Inevitable Surrender of Orthodoxy." The result was a deluge of newspaper articles, in both the religious and the secular press, and of letters from Oregon, Texas, Arkansas, the Carolinas and all over the land. It is nothing to the present purpose that many of these were ignorant and many more abusive. But what is very much to the purpose is this, that many of them expressed surprise that "a minister" could hold such opinions, and begged of me to tell them what I really did believe. I will indicate the tenor of one of them as representative.

The writer said, in substance, "I find myself agreeing with you in the main; but what surprises me is to see the '*Rev.*' attached to your name. I have been compelled to give up the old ideas, but from what I have been taught, and in view of the general opinion around me, I supposed I must give up *religion itself*. I have wanted to be religious, but have been told it was impossible unless I surrendered my reason. Pray tell me, therefore, what kind of religion you hold."

My purpose in this article, in answer to these questions, will be to show that religion is not dependent on orthodoxy, and that a grander religion remains when orthodoxy has passed away. For an interregnum of apparent irreligion, following on the decay of orthodoxy in many minds, who is responsible save orthodox teachers themselves? For they are constantly teaching that there is no religion possible except on the basis of their theories. Ought they to wonder if they are taken at their word?

But a change of theory, compelled by new and broader knowledge, abolishes no single fact or truth. It is only misconceptions that are left behind as the world advances. When the Ptolemaic theory of the universe was given up in favor of the Copernican,

none of the stars was put out, nor did they shine any the less brightly.

"Kopernik's thought a new world made,
Though Ptolemy's stars still shone:
New eyes a new religion gave,
Yet not a truth was gone."

Theology is man's theory of the relations in which he stands to the power manifested in the universe. The field of religion is in the facts of this relation. A change of theory does not abolish any facts, any more than the change from Newton's to Young's theory of light interfered with the sun's power to give light to the earth. But, since what we shall try to be and to do, in order to get into right relations with God and with our fellow men, depends on our theory as to the nature of God and man, it is of the gravest practical importance that these theories be in accord with the facts.

Now, the essential features of the orthodox theory of religion have been discredited by the modern knowledge of the modern world. Since a similar thing has happened over and over in the past, it ought not to seem strange that it should happen again in a growing universe. The foundation stone of orthodoxy has always been the dogma of the Fall of Man and the consequent lost and ruined condition of the race. In accordance with this theory, the one great work of religion has been to "save" men from this "ruin." That has been the theory of the Fall—and in the light of it all the wrong and sorrow, the vice and crime of the world have been explained. But study of Jewish thought and life has shown that this whole Eden story was a late importation from a pagan people. The older prophets know nothing of it. And even Jesus, who is said to have been supernaturally sent to save us from the effects of the Fall, never makes the slightest allusion to it. Besides this, science has demonstrated that man has steadily risen from the first, and it makes all stories of original perfection impossible of belief, on the part of all free and intelligent people. And thus we are now able to explain the world's evil, vice, crime, suffering and death in the light of theories much more honorable to God and more helpful for man. Since orthodoxy is inextricably bound up with these theories, since she has committed herself to the assertion that they have been infallibly revealed, she must cease to be orthodox (*i. e.*, the "right opinion") now that these beliefs are passing away.

The only thing that is happening, then, is that the world is

growing wiser and better. And this should seem to be cause for rejoicing rather than of lamentation; unless people really hold the opinion of the old Scotch lady who said, "Some persons think everybody is going to be saved; but, for my part, I hope for better things."

I am now to outline what, in my opinion, is to follow orthodoxy—what is to be left after orthodoxy is gone. To be left? Why, this is one of those paradoxical cases where, after something is taken away, a good deal more is left than was possessed in the first place. It is as if some poor man's hands were emptied of pennies and filled with gold. It is as when the morning takes the night away from us. It is as when health drives out sickness, or hope dispossesses us of despair. The loss is only for the sake of larger and finer gain. We lose the pessimistic theories of a wrecked creation, a ruined race, total depravity, an angry God, blight, curse, endless and hopeless pain—that is all. We have left with us a grander God, a nobler man, a higher religion, a completer revelation, a more helpful Jesus, and eternal hope. Should I escape from an underground cavern, full of deadly damps and noisome creatures, up into God's free air, where His free winds blew on my face and the bright heavens arched a green and smiling earth, would it be altogether reasonable for me to sit down and bewail my "loss?" I should as soon think of doing so in the one case as in the other.

And yet the fear of many is not altogether strange. Sentiment and tender memories gather about the religion of father and mother and childhood, as vines and mosses overgrow an old ruin. The new home may be unspeakably better, yet we do not blame the immigrant when he drops a tear over the recollection of his fatherland. Yet had all men always stayed in fatherland, we should all have been barbarians still. Remember the old, then, if you will; but, if our hopes of God's Kingdom are ever to come true, new Abrahams must ever hear the new calls of God and set out for the new promised land.

Let us, then, note some of the main points of that theology that is to follow orthodoxy.

In the first place, religion will remain. It is infidelity, not faith—whether found outside of the church or in—which fears that religion is in danger. If religion *can* die, it *ought* to die. That is, if it is no part of the essential and eternal nature of

things, then it is something that is not necessary and can be spared. But it is essential and eternal. It consists in the relation between man and the power that lives and works in and through the universe. So long, then, as the universe lasts and there is a man in it, so long religion must endure. Theology is only somebody's theory of this relation. The theories may change; and, so far as they are incorrect or incomplete, they not only must but ought to change in the presence of larger knowledge. But this larger and truer knowledge of man and the universe cannot degrade theology or make it worse, unless the universe itself is essentially bad. If it is good, then the truth about it must be better than anybody's mistakes. So it is only infidelity, or lack of faith in God, that can really be afraid of finding out what is true. And since the universe is infinite and we are God's finite children, slowly growing, slowly finding out more and more about it, each new advance cannot fail to bring us nearer to the ever-lifting and ever-enlarging vision of the truth, which, being infinite, can never be wholly known. But, in the very nature of things, all new knowledge must issue in a nobler, higher, better religion. The only thing that truth can take away from us is a mistake; and the more mistakes we lose the richer we are. People forget this when they continually charge the preachers of the new revelation with doing nothing but telling "what they do not believe." Every truth-born denial is, and must be, a larger affirmation. Let people spend at least a part of their time in noting what is asserted.

Not only does religion remain, but God remains. Here again let it be fearlessly, though reverently, said that if God could be disproved He ought to be. They little honor Him who are afraid to have the grounds of their belief looked at. Do religious people really fear that it is all a mistake, that the universe is a sham and will not bear investigation? If God is not, surely we ought to know it. If God is, a sincere and serious looking for Him is what all really religious people ought to approve. Paul speaks, not without approbation, of those who are "feeling after God, if haply they may find Him who is *not far from every one of us*." And the proudest result of modern knowledge is the bringing of God nearer to us than ever before in all the past.

Modern science, so greatly feared, has, for the first time in the world's history, demonstrated the utter inadequacy of the ma-

terialistic theory, as an explanation of the universe. So we are justified in thinking of the universe as spirit and life all through. There is no longer any "dead" matter; all is thrilling with the one life. We no longer ask, "Where is God?" any more than I ask, "In what part of my body am I?" I am all in all; at the point of my pen when I write, in my hand when I stretch it out to help. As I am all in all parts of my body, so is God all and in all the universe. Never was God so near to us before; for natural forces are only His present working, and natural laws are only, so to speak, His habits, unchangeable only because He is all-wise. And since personality, intelligence and consciousness exist in man, and since the cause must be at least adequate to the effect, we know that God must be *as much as* personal, intelligent and conscious. What higher form of being may exist we do not know. God, then, is in the mightiest and most distant star; and equally He is in the grain of dust the wind whirls through its tiny orbit in the streets; He is in each blade of grass, and He is in the love and pity of the human heart. And, more than all these, He incloses them all in His infinite arms. He is so near that we lose Him; as a little child, lost in some corner of St. Peter's, might be asking for the Cathedral; or as a bird, borne on swift winds, might be seeking after the air.

Instead, then, of its being true that our modern knowledge is taking God away from us, it is, for the first time in history, giving us a thought of God worthy to match the newly discovered boundlessness of things.

Then, again, for the first time in the history of human thought, we have a conception of man that is worthy, inspiring and hopeful. A race once perfect in innocence, but now fallen and ruined; a race become morally incapable of all good; a race doomed to endless despair, except in the case of "the few that be saved," an "elect" company chosen to illustrate God's grace; a race living in age-long rejection of divine truth and goodness, and so drifting down the hopeless rapids to the abyss; such is the picture presented to us in all the old creeds. But now what? A race starting, indeed, on the border line of the animal world, but with what a history and what an outlook! Along a pathway of struggle and tears and blood, ever up and on, sloughing off the animal, climbing to brain and heart and conscience, until figures like Buddha and Jesus stand up out of the darkness! Legislators

and singers and artists and discoverers and inventors and scientists and teachers and martyrs and witnesses, a long line of the great and the good, increasing with every age, testify not the fall but the magnificent ascent of the race! From what low beginnings come, until we have at last the right to cry, "Now are we sons of God; and it does not yet appear what we shall be!" In face of a history like this, I do not envy the man who can sneer at Darwinism as irreligious and find more "piety" in a theory that makes us all "children of hell." With a past like this behind us, what is there we may not aspire to in the future? A perfect "kingdom of God" becomes a perfectly reasonable dream. Every new truth discovered is just so much more known of God; and every new and higher adjustment of the individual or social life to the higher truths is one more step in the eternal ascent of religion toward God.

And Jesus? Is He lost to the religious heart of the world? Rather is He, for the first time, found. On the old theory, He is part of a supernatural irruption into the world's natural order. In some exceptional, incomprehensible way He is God, He is man, He is both, He is neither. As God, His supposed suffering we cannot think of as real. And His "example" cannot help us who, on that theory, are not "divine," and so are not like him. What good is an example beyond our sphere and out of our reach? But now even the old churches are beginning to talk of Him as only "a manifestation of God in the sphere of humanity," and to waive questions as to the Trinity. Yes, we can join them in this. Only we must look on all men and women as manifestations of God, so far as they are good and true. So it comes to be a question of degree only, and no longer one of kind. God is incarnate in all things good and fair—in flowers and mountains, as well as in the beauty and grandeur of human character.

Looking at Jesus, then, as thus incarnating God in a purely natural way, and so as a natural outgrowth of "what is in man," He becomes to us no longer a symbol of a lost world, but a magnificent inspiration, as showing what man is capable of. Now He is an example and a hope. So He becomes "Son of God" and "our elder brother," as He never could be before.

Neither, once more, is the Bible lost to a man who is capable of seeing the grander revelation of God. The critical scholar rejects no claim that the Bible ever makes. It nowhere claims

to be infallible. This is only a claim, made on behalf of certain theories about it, by certain men who have proved themselves to be very far from infallible. So that now the free and fearless student is no longer troubled by any supposed necessity of "explaining" mistakes, of "reconciling" contradictions, or of "apologizing" for imperfect moral teachings. These are "difficulties" with which men have saddled the Bible, but which are no part of it.

All truth now is only so much "revelation." The truth in the Bible is "divine" truth; and so is the truth of any other book. As all our light is sunlight—whether it comes to us through the medium of a wood-fire, of gas, of electricity, or of a gem dug up from the earth—so is all truth from God, the one source of all light. The Bible then becomes the natural product of the religious nature of man, reflecting its different stages of growth, and so, full of instruction and inspiration for those who know how to use it.

And the Church? Is that to fade away? Rather is it to become grander than ever before. Men naturally organize themselves about any great human interest, for the carrying out of purposes which cannot be so well attained alone. So we have art associations, scientific societies, governments and educational institutions. Now, since religion is a natural interest of man, the one thing of supreme importance, religious organization is the most natural thing in the world. The first churches were purely natural, human associations of those who wished to lead a special kind of religious life, and to help each other in attaining their common aims.

Of course, the type of church, its particular aims and methods, these will always depend on the prevailing theory that is held concerning God, concerning man, concerning the relations which actually exist between them, and concerning what ought to be done to correct and perfect those relations. For all churches exist to help men into better relations with God. This means teaching the truth of those relations and urging motives for right action.

It will easily be seen, then, that the field and need for such association are as permanent as human life. The foundation of the Church then is eternal—based in the nature and needs of man. It will also be easily seen that the nearer we come to an apprehension of the truth of things, the nobler and grander must

the Church become. And, further, it will be seen that, so long as the Church works on a false theory, so long and so far its labor must be wasted.

And, lastly, the outlook for humanity, both in this world and in the future, was never so hopeful as it is in the light of the new knowledge of the modern world. We have the means in our own hands for making this old earth a paradise. And, as finite children of the infinite God, we may believe that we shall find death only another birth.

After Orthodoxy, then, is it darkness and despair—a being “without God and without hope in the world?” Rather do the pessimism and despair of Orthodoxy fade away, as the darkness before a rising sun, and leave us in a world containing a nobler religion, a grander God, a more hopeful man, a more helpful Jesus, a more comprehensive Bible, a better Church and a more inspiring destiny.

MINOT J. SAVAGE.